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Town Crier

By W. Gartrell

By W. Gartrell

"The brightest star's the modest-est
And more than likely writes
Her motto like the lightning bug—
According to her lights!"

—Old Rhyme.

It is going to be a big year for cosmetics manufacturers if the testimonials pouring in from Roslyn and Westbury are any sign. Shades of the sainted but dignified Gay Nineties and the late 400,—these personal endorsements are accompanied by smug and smiling personal photographs of the endorsees!

Middleburg surely is a town full of "Jiners" as this week's civic calendar will tell: Lions' Club, Boy Scouts and Volunteer Firemen all holding regular meetings and a Business Men's Bowling League going full steam ahead every night in the week including Sundays.

The heaviest windstorm in 25 years struck the town shortly after midnight this Monday morning, seriously disrupted telephone service for a time and doused the town lights five times before spending its fury. The roof of L. C. Leith's garage took French leave, many limbs were scattered about the streets and a cherry tree in the back-yard of the Town Crier-Postmaster menage was blown down.

Emphasizing their already expressed intention of ridding the town of unsightly "car graveyards", the City Fathers, upon advice of Attorney-General A. P. Staples and Mr. Wallingstein, President of Virginia Municipalities, are publishing elsewhere in this paper an ordinance prohibiting the collection of more than five decrepit jalopies in one place unless one is a licensed jalopy connoisseur.

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WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW DATE ROUNDS OUT CIRCUIT

F. Moran McConihe, Secy-Treas., of the Washington Horse Show has advised the Chronicle that after considerable consultation with officials of the American Horse Shows Assn., that the date for the featured spring fixture has been set for June 2-3-4. This date is two or three weeks later than the Washington Horse Show has ever been held, but seemingly will work to the advantage of all concerned, particularly as the weather conditions at that time of the year are better than early May.

Further, Shows in the District of Columbia and near-by Maryland have been cooperating with Shows in Virginia to avoid all possible conflicts. As the result of the recent decision to set the Washington Horse Show for June 2-3-4, the Middle-Atlantic States Circuit will commence with Deborah Rood's Wilmington Horse Show on May 11-13;

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Harrisburg Honors Given To Bricklayer

10,000 Fill State Farm Arena To See Mrs. Wellen's Chestnut Win Hunter Championship

Witnessed by a throng of some ten thousand or more, Harrisburg's first indoor Horse Show in the spectacular new surroundings of the State Farm Arena, at Harrisburg, Pa., reached its climax last Sat., night when the hunter championship tricolor was pinned on Mrs. H. R. Wellen's handsome chestnut gelding **Bricklayer**, while reserve went to his stablemate **Jolly Martin**. Top honors in the jumper division were garnered by Ward Sullivan's bay gelding **Top of the Moon** with William G. Loeffler's **Bowling Green** reserve.

Shown first in the model hunter class on Friday, **Bricklayer** was awarded a fourth ribbon when he bowed to **Jolly Martin** who won the class, and Ray Shoemaker's **Abe** and **Hy-Glo** who took second and third. **Bricklayer** was then second to H. E. Millard's **Ponce De Leon** in the light weight hunters, third in the local hunters and first in the hunter hacks.

Friday night's activities reached a peak of interest when the well filled

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THIRTY ONE RECOGNIZED PACKS REPRESENTED IN N. Y. HOUND SHOW

VA. SIRED WINNERS ACCOUNT 23 TIMES

New Orleans And Hialeah Park See Juveniles By Whiskaway And War Whoop Win Laurels

With racing in the South and on the West Coast once again well under way, the sons and daughters of Virginia sires seem to be warming up to their usual number of weekly victories, twenty-three having scored during the past seven days from January 18 through January 24.

2-year-olds who need no "tighteners" are **Plaudaway**, H. Nellor's **Whiskaway** filly and Townsend Winmill's **War Whoop** colt **Son of War**. Both have two victories to their credit in two starts each, the former at New Orleans on January 6 and again on the 18th, while the latter scored again at Hialeah Park on the 21st, having already won his first outing there on the 12th. Another Juvenile winner this week was the ***Sun Briar—Rivalry** filly **Valdina** Bess who returned her owner Mrs.

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Colorful Exhibition Of Foxhounds Harriers, Beagles and Bassets Opens At Squadron A. Armory

Hounds from thirty-one recognized packs, from throughout the United States have been entered in the New York Hound Show, to be held in the Squadron A. Armory, Madison Ave., at 94th. St., on Friday, Jan. 27. The finest representatives of American Fox-Hounds, Bassets, Beagles, Cross-Breds, English Foxhounds, Harriers and Welsh Foxhounds are included in the banner entry, listing ten additional packs from last year.

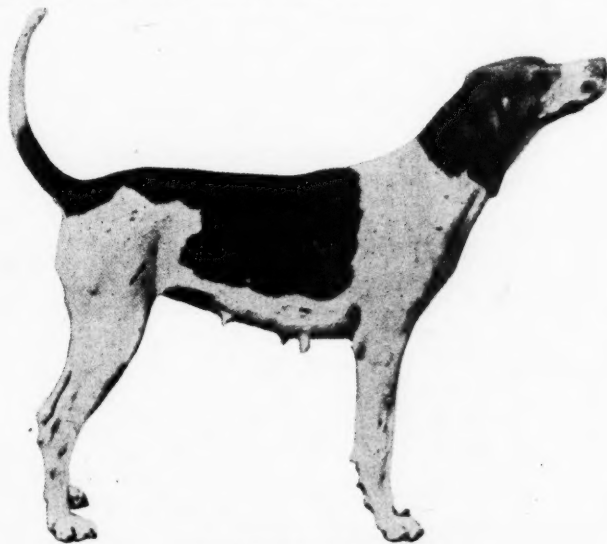
In consequence, the always colorful exhibition will have more appeal than ever to those who want to see the picture ordinarily reserved for the hunting field. Hound men, Masters of Foxhounds, hunting people, all, from throughout the United States will be on hand, as in other years and with the increase in entries, a greater attendance is expected. The New York Hound Show has become the greatest meeting of hunting people that is held throughout the winter. The show is important from this standpoint as it affords Masters a chance to study Hounds of other packs and consider opportunities for inter-breeding. It also provides Kennel men an opportunity to discuss kennel management, feeding and conditioning as well as making a welcome break in the winter season when most hunting countries are usually under lock and key with snow and ice.

The Show, which has gained steadily in importance, is staged annually by The Masters of Foxhounds Assn., and The National Beagle Club for the benefit of the American Society

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HISTORY OF MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS

The history of the Middleburg pack as Hounds have tongued through the big coverts above Goose Creek, have hunted foxes to Aldie, to Purcellville and to the top of the Blue Ridge, is so coupled with the history of Daniel C. Sands, that the two must go together. Suffice to say first that he is considered one of the best judges of a Hound in this country and as the pack annually wins at Bryn Mawr, Warrenton, and Montpelier, it is proof enough of Mr. Sands' unusual success as a Hound man.



MIDDLEBURG LUCY 1930

Lucy by Pierce's High Roll—Radio was a great factor in developing the present pack for Middleburg. Champion bitch and best American Hound either sex at the National Hound Show in Bryn Mawr and Champion Bitch and best opposite sex to best American Hound at said Show in 1931, Lucy has proven herself on the bench, in the field and as a great dam many times over.

The big black and white Hounds in the Kennels near Middleburg, are so fine in their type, that you cannot look at them without longing to hear the pack open up, to see them streaming through the coverts in one great crash-

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FORT MYER BENEFIT SHOW DRAWS ROOSEVELT FAMILY

Before a crowd that included none other than President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the Fort Myer Show opened its two night performance Wednesday with victories for Miss Margaret Cotter on **Rocksie** in the open jumping class and an outstanding performance by Captain Luebbemann on **Billy Do** to capture the Handy Jumpers.

Staged by the military post outside of Washington in honor of the President's Birthday infantile paralysis fund, there was a large gathering on hand, some no doubt drawn there by the appearance of Errol Flynn who rode John Roosevelt's half bred hunter to a grand stand finale in the park or road hack class, although he received no prizes in the class. As a token of royal favor, however, the movie star was given a silver cup and a large smile from Mrs. Roosevelt.

The first class for hunters saw

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The Horseman's News

Blood Horse Editor Gives Address On Breeding To Race Commissioners

Noted Authority Discusses Theories On Thorough- breds And Finds The Prepotent Individual All Important

Approximation of remarks ad libbed by J. A. Estes, Editor of The Blood Horse before the meeting of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners, Coral Gables, Fla., January 11, 1939.

When Tom Underwood asked me a few weeks ago to speak to the National Association of State Racing Commissioners on some harmless aspect of the breeding of race horses, that is to say, the pedigrees of race horses, I should have congratulated myself. For when one must tell something to others he must first tell it to himself, and broaden his own education thereby. But instead of congratulating myself I must now commiserate with you, for I am about to take ten minutes of your valuable time to explain to you that I know nothing of the subject—and in order that I may not feel my own shortcomings so sharply, I shall also suggest that you believe that you don't know anything about it either. Ignorance, like water and other liquids, has a habit of seeking its own level.

When I first became a pedigree expert a few years ago—let me explain that a pedigree expert is a person who knows two examples to prove a rule and one other example which he calls an exception, and who has written at least one article under a byline to make the whole matter clear—when I became an expert, I was going to say, I received a good many letters in which the benefit of my wisdom was asked as to what stallion ought to be selected as a mate for such-and-such a mare. Now, what I should have done in a case like that was obvious: I should have picked out the nearest reasonably good Thoroughbred stallion as a matter of convenience and written the inquirer a profoundly reasoned statement as to why he should breed Whatshisname to Soandso. Nothing satisfies a Thoroughbred breeder more than logic. That is one of the chief fascinations of the game. If a man breeds a good horse he tells himself that he was very smart to have planned things the way he did; if he fails to breed a good horse, why, so have lots of other smart people.

But I passed up these golden opportunities to hand out advice at four dollars a reason—at any rate, I passed up most of them—and began scratching around to see whether I could find any coherent principle in pedigrees, any pattern that could be depended upon to repeat itself, any mainspring that made horses tick, or anything that would justify a man in saying that if you follow a specified practice you may expect a specified result. Perhaps, I thought, I might at least achieve as good a standing as those Chinese fishing birds with rings around their necks, which can swallow little fish, but must bring the big ones to their masters. If I found a syllogism too big for me to swallow I could turn it over to the grateful ones in the ranks of breeders—whom I live to serve, and vice versa.

But nothing came of it. For all the traveling I did in search of truth I might as well have been tramping a treadmill. I picked up one or two nuggets of truth, but they were things that breeders knew already. And on the way I cast aside so many fine, intriguing theories that I wound up with the reputation of a skeptic who had nothing to cling to, and therefore had no reason to expect anyone to cling to him.

So what I say to you now comes from one who neither believes nor is believed in, and I suggest that you accept his gospel with the proper reservations. Only please don't feel that I am dramatizing myself as the prophet of a new cult, for actually there are perhaps as many people who would agree with the things which seem sound to me as would run off after the theorist whom I would rise up and call a crackpot just before he called me some worse names.

I do not feel that I have the privilege to bore you to death by discussing fully any one or two theories of breeding. I think rather that I shall bore you to death by simply passing them before you, like a lecturer showing lantern slides to a crowd that has to catch the next bus for the race track.

One of the earliest phenomena to come to the attention of Thoroughbred breeders was the fact that the breed tends to perpetuate only a few male lines. It is a well known fact that there is no Thoroughbred alive today whose pedigree does not go back in tail-male, that is, from sire to sire, to one of three great progenitors, **Herod**, **Matchem**, and **Eclipse**. Of course, there was many a good horse—and many a bad one, though bad horses are not counted in when theory-making begins—whose sire was of one male line and whose dam was of another. And so, down to this moment, has persisted the theory of "outcrossing" male lines, such as breeding a **Matchem** horse to an **Eclipse** mare. They got **War Admiral** that way, and **Seabiscuit**, which is proof enough, I suppose. It is now 14 generations from **War Admiral** back to **Matchem**, so that less than one-sixteenth thousandth of **War Admiral**'s pedigree is represented by that particular cross of **Matchem** which stands at the top of the pedigree. But you can probably still find people who would advise you to breed **War Admiral** to mares of the **Eclipse** line.

The male line is a matter of considerable worship by Thoroughbred breeders. Those who put great store in having a horse from a popular male line, as that of **Domino**, or **Bend Or**, or **Ben Brush**, or **Fair Play**, reason that if so many lines fail and so few persist, there must be something very powerful, almost magic, which allows certain ones to survive. I assure you that the fact that a stallion is descended from **Bend Or** in tail-male is no more help to him today than would be the fact that his dam was frightened by a motorcycle. The breeder who leans on a male line rather than on a pre-potent individual is trusting a broken reed.

But the most fascinating game ever devised for the Thoroughbred pedigree theorist had to do, not with male lines, but with female descent, from dam to dam. This was the figure system of Bruce Lowe. Mr. Lowe, an Australian, took all the English classic winners and traced them back in tail-female as far as the records of the General Stud Book would give him their ancestry. When he finished that task he had his classic winners tracing back to about forty "original mares." The mare whose family had the greatest number of classic winners was designated as No. 1, the second largest family was No. 2, and so on.

Then Mr. Lowe had a stroke of genius—stark crazy genius. He picked out the best sires in the history of the breed up to his time and allocated them according to the numbered families. Since the number of outstanding sires is always very small in proportion to the total of the breed, there were only a few families which were distinguished by many top sires, and these

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1938 Stake Winners By Virginia Sires Account For 51 Stake Races Out of 253

Pasteurized Is Top Virginia Money Winning Son For Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart, Netting \$34,130 With William Ziegler's Esposa Second

At the end of each year The Blood Horse publishes a supplement containing the pedigrees of all stake winners during that year. According to the supplement just released, there were 223 stake winners on the flat during 1938, accounting for 253 stakes, and of these winners 34 were sired by Virginia stallions and accounted for 51 stakes.

Virginia's top money winning son in 1938 was **Pasteurized**, Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart's 3-year-old **Milkman**—**Peake** colt whose victory in the Belmont Stakes on March 12 netted him \$34,130. **Esposa**, William Ziegler's 6-year-old daughter of **Espino**—**Quick Batter**, accounted altogether for \$32,755, her three winning performances being in the Butler Handicap, the Champlain Handicap and the Hawthorne Gold Cup. Winner of the greatest number of stakes last year was A. C. Compton's 3-year-old **Sun Briar** colt, **Sun Egret** who accounted for seven stakes, including the Santa Maria Stakes, the San Pasquale, San Vincente Handicaps on the West Coast, and the Rowe Memorial, Bowie Spring, Roger Williams and Baltimore Autumn Handicaps here in the East, winning altogether a total of \$30,800. Another 3-year-old, Willis Sharpe Kilmer's **Neddie** colt **Nedayr**, in his Classic Stakes victory in July earned \$27,500.

Of the 2-year-old winners last year, A. E. Silver's **Time Maker** filly **Heather Time** won four stakes, including the Mayflower, Salem, Old Colony and Bay Meadows Stakes, grossing \$21,240, while another **Time Maker**, Mrs. F. A. Carraud's **Time Alone**, in winning the Eastern Shore and Pawtucket Handicaps, garnered \$15,815. George Widener's **Eight Thirty**, top ranking son of **Pilate**, in his six starts throughout the year, accounted for the Christiana and Flash Stakes with a total of \$10,775.

The Virginia sire having the most stake winners in 1938 was **Pompey**, Ellerslie-Morven Stud son of **Sun Briar**—**Cleopatra**, six of whose progeny accounted for seven stakes and \$39,735. Curiously enough, three of these **Pompey** stake winners were out of **Friar Rock** mares, headed, of course, by **Pompoon** the 4-year-old Jerry Louchheim colt who captured the San Carlos and Dixie Handicaps. The other **Pompey** stake winners were **Birch Rod**, **Masked General**, **Outdone**, **Pompey's Pillar** and **Ridge**.

Accolade, ch. g., 1930, (*Bright Knight—Celebration, by High Time), Narragansett Handicap	\$ 4,890
Birch Rod, b. c., 1936, (Pompey—Slapstick, by Broomstick), Sanford Stakes	4,725
Buttermilk, b. f., 1934, (Milkman—Drystone, by Man o'War), Netherland Plaza Handicap	1,930
Catamar, b. f., 1934, (*Omar Khayyam—Caterpillar, by Meridian), Thanksgiving Handicap	1,485
Clocks, b. h., 1933, (On Watch—Sox, by *Donnacona), Hialeah Inaugural Handicap	5,210
Dolly Whisk, b. f., 1936, (Whiskaway—Dolly Seth, by Seth), Debutante Stakes	2,415
Eight Thirty, ch. c., 1936, (Pilate—Dinner Time, by High Time), Christiana Stakes	6,000
Flash Stakes	4,775
Esposa, ch. m., 1932, (Espino—Quick Batter, by Runantell), Butler Handicap	19,400
Champlain Handicap	2,550
Hawthorne Gold Cup	10,825
Galley Slave, ch. f., 1936, (*Gino—Sally's Alley, by *Allumeur), Santa Barbara Stakes	5,450
Happy Bolivar, b. g., 1933, (*Happy Argo—Vanity Fair, by *Negofol), Escondido Handicap	1,060
Heather Time, ch. f., 1936, (Time Maker—Heatherland, by Crusader), Mayflower Stakes	8,900
Salem Stakes	2,115
Old Colony Stakes	8,655
Bay Meadows Nursery Stakes	1,570
High Velocity, br. c., 1934, (*Abbot's Nymph—Big Sally, by *Brumado), Bunker Hill Handicap	4,275
Grayson Stakes	2,975
Invermark, ch. h., 1933, (*Teddy—Symphorosa, by *Light Brigade), Sacramento Claiming Handicap	1,165
Invoke, b. f., 1935, (*Teddy—Appeal, by John P. Grier), Gazelle Stakes	4,550
Jubilargo, b. or br. g., 1932, (*Happy Argo—Jubilee by High Time), Speers Handicap	1,300
Masked General, ch. c., 1934, (Pompey—Masked Ball, by Friar Rock), Harford Handicap	4,900
Nedayr, br. c., 1935, (Neddie—Sunayr, by *Sun Briar), Classic Stakes	27,500
Novette, ch. f., 1935, (*Strolling Player—Initiate, by Whisk Broom II), New Orleans Handicap	1,485
Beverly Handicap	2,050
Outdone, b. f., 1936, (Pompey—Sweep Out, by Sweep On), Sagamore Handicap	2,995
Pasteurized, ch. c., 1935, (Milkman—Peake, by *Sir Gallahad III), Belmont Stakes	34,130

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Hunting Notes:-



Middleburg (Va.)

It's been down the "Pot House" road, round by St. Louis, up by New Ford and back by Freddy Warburg's "Snake Hill" for exercising of the goodly Middleburg Hunt's 31 couple of American Fox-hounds. Weather conditions have made hunting impossible, though Monday it seemed that the weather was definitely on the mend, and Hounds would get out, for the first time since last Saturday the 14th., when a sortie was made in the snow through "Goodstone" and around "Benton".

Virginia has had three open winters up to the present. This is the longest closed in spell since 1935. The favorable conditions of the past years have spoiled followers of Old Dominion packs who have not relished this recess in hunting activities. Some however, are of the belief that a hard winter in January will mean an open February and March, and that hunters are now enjoying rest that will be well justified.

A release! Frost fattened horses, full of play, numbering some twenty three moved off with Daniel C. Sands, who was bound to break the monotony of huntless-days, and so called a bye-day on Tuesday, at 12:30 at the beautiful "Glenwood Park Course", scene of many colorful hunt-meetings. Whether there was a "full pack", 62 Hounds, or no, there were a lot of them, as Huntsman Maddux led the way into the race-track. Hardly had Hounds gone over the wall, back of the hay-stack, than there was music, the music we had been waiting for these many days, since last Thursday the 12th., when the meet was at Dover and Hounds ran their last fox.

Straight way the red was routed, across Dillon, down by the Creek

and like a string to Pole Cat Hill. There was no dwelling. Hounds ran with a will, although strung out over a fifty yard span they made as good a forty minutes of it, as any who were out could have wanted. It was deep, sun and a temperature of 45 degrees had softened the ground, in some places to a fet-lock depth, but on the whole the going wasn't bad. To wit, there were no falls, hardly a horse put a foot wrong.

On across the Creek, up and out of it, Hounds flew along the top land, with our fox facing his mask for the distant Institute. There was a lot of jumping, walls, coops and rails, and after going through the Jim Skinner place, the first swing of the day started, right-handed over through Crompton Smith's and on around through Metcalf's. Here as we went through the paddock we saw Mrs. George P. Metcalf's faithful Brother, veteran of many a good day, roughed out and like the true one that he is, keen to join in the chase. Whipper-in George forestalled Brother's effort to get through the gate, and the run went on.

A four mile point had been accomplished, with scarcely a momentary check, from the field near "Glenwood Park Course" to Crouch's Farm. Scenting conditions couldn't have been improved upon, and it is of interest that on such days, with so much water in the ground, scent has not usually proved so holding. There was one picturesque sight after another, as we viewed Hounds threading through snow in the woods and streaming across plow, wheat and grassland.

Wheat on Crompton Smith's "Featherbed Farm" forced followers into a around about route, but when Huntsman Maddux and Whipper-in George were with Hounds, they were there too in time to view our straight-neck red, Mike Kerr riding a good brown, big enough for two of Mike's weight, and Crompton Smith were among the first of the field to view.

On Crouch's, scent unaccountably failed. Whether it was that Hounds, unhunted over two fields, strung out too much, or that a north slope gave up too little, the run came to a halt as quickly as it all had started, a full four miles from the field along Goose Creek.

Mr. Sands directed Huntsman Maddux to draw on through "Dresden" the Fairfax woods, "Black Swamp," which all proved blank, Hounds then picked up a cold line on "Bald Hill" but couldn't own it. Huntsman Maddux carried his Hounds to the Dudley woods, where they feathered throughout, but did nothing. A day was called at 2:45.

Mr. Sands unquestionably hastened a thaw into hunting weather, with his decision for a bye-day. A great day it was, one that roused the spirits, quickened the blood and stirred the systems, which all must have suffered by the lamentable stagnancy of the past fortnight. A day like this, once a week, will keep many a hunter fit and save many a grumble and groan.

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Casanova

(Va.)

From January 15th., to March 15th., Hounds will meet on Tuesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional bye-day on Thursday, weather permitting. For information regarding time and place of meet telephone Warrenton 189-W or 164-W-11. According to Miss Dorothy V. Montgomery, M. F. H., Hounds have not been out during the past week.

On Tuesday, January 17, Hounds met at Turkey Run Church at 2 p. m. for what proved to be the top day of the season, in spite of the snow. Scenting was perfect and the runs therefore very fast. After moving off with Huntsman Beach, Hounds drew the covert back of Jo Addison's and a red was started at once, carrying Hounds in a straight line through the Flat Woods and Creedmore, to den near the barn. Approximately three miles were covered in less than ten minutes. The Mountain Woods were drawn next and two foxes went out and circled through Horder's. Hounds packed in on one which gave a grand twenty-five minutes of sport back toward Fry Town, into the Huddleston place, circling onto Creedmore and so to Eastwood where the fox was marked to earth. This run was about eight miles and also very fast. M. F. H. Dorothy Montgomery then had Hounds taken back to the Retreat where the second fox was picked up. This one had gone out of the Mountain Woods earlier and it was away through the Huddleston's to the Jenkins place and Sprague's, thence to Meetze, there to follow the road toward Creedmore and from there across Mac Lunsford's to Double Poplars. Running down the lane, Hounds turned left and carried a straight line across Creedmore open fields to the lawn and back through the Mountain Woods to the Retreat. Here, because of darkness and tired horses, riders pulled up, having been with Hounds for an hour and a half on this run. The pack continued on and when last heard was running through Penn Atlee's. It must have been a great run, for Hounds did

not come in till early the next morning.

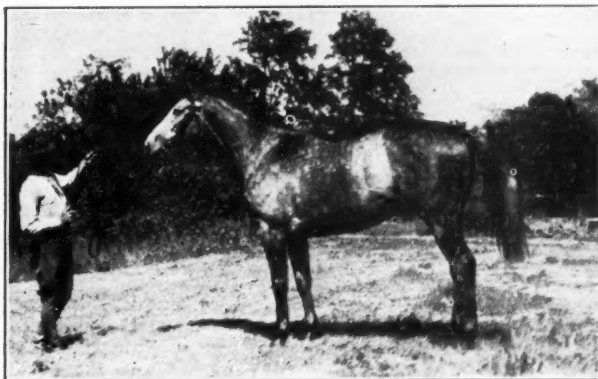
On Thursday, January 19, Hounds were taken out from the Kennels for a bye day. A fox was tracked up in Green Meadows and, although there was a little too much crust to make fast going, a fair afternoon was enjoyed.

Saturday last proved to be another day of great sport. Meeting at Turkey Run Church at one o'clock, Hounds were taken down the lane and onto the Tompkins farm. There a red was started at one fifteen which was still running at six o'clock that evening. Hounds made a fast get-away through Mr. Kine's and Shaffer's, crossing the Warrenton road into John Grayson's place. The field, with snow balls from the horses' hooves flying in every direction, followed across Child's to the road and down to John Grayson's. It was then through the Charlie Pinkard place and Cropp's to Miss Sadie Meetze's woods. So far there had been scarcely a check, but Hounds seemed to find it more difficult keeping the line in the woods, as the snow had not thawed enough to make good scenting. The fox made a large right handed circle in the woods to the tenant house, then doubled back through the woods to John Noland's open field. After working hard in the covert, Hounds were here able to run again and were away to the Ullman place and Hurleytown Road. There the fox made a short double and it was back again across John Noland's, where he was viewed, to Miss Sadie Meetze's woods. Coming out into the Meetze

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Town Crier

Continued from Page One

and placing the fine for violation of the ordinance at from \$25.00 to \$100 and from 30 days to 6 months in jail. In a recent interview, Mayor Luck also stated that there now are 72 water meters in operation, or more than 80 per cent of the town's population, and a little better than 98 per cent of the business places are using approved water, making possible at long last the erection of "Drinking Water Approved" signs on the outskirts of the town. These, Mayor Luck said, will be ordered and put in place in the very near future.

Completion of a fitting stone entrance to the new Middleburg Memorial Cemetery has been temporarily halted by bad weather, but all material is on the ground and work will be resumed as soon as possible. A complete survey of the tract has been completed and the plotting done. The natural slopes of the ground have been used to advantage in the curving driveway through the place and there is needed now but the planned addition of a stone wall, shrubbery and further landscaping to make of this spot a place of beauty. The Executive Board includes H. J. Duffey, Sr., president, J. W. Hoffman, treasurer, Richard Brooke, Warren-ton, secretary, T. Walter Fred, vice-president, and Paul Adams, and Frank Brittlebank of Washington, directors.

FIRE at a fireman's meeting. . . But definitely! A long-smouldering fire truck driver question flared to a bright flame in the Volunteer Fireman's meeting Monday evening and much static, sparks and smoke was emitted before cooler heads brought the disturbance under control. However, it was fairly and finally decided by all concerned that "Haste makes waste," even when answering a fire alarm, so the old 60-80 miles per hour was discarded and a pace some fifty miles faster than horse and buggy days was agreed upon as a maximum, since, it was pointed out, the lives of the score or more of Volunteers who ride the tail of the fire truck are far more valuable than any burning building could be. Official Volunteer drivers are Stanley E. Wilson, G. D. Gartrell, David Lee and A. T. Patterson.

The shriek of the fire siren Wednesday morning blended with the

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WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW

Continued from Page One

followed in succession by Atlantic City, May 16-20; Devon, May 24-30; Washington, June 2-4 and Upperville, June 9-10.

At the same time the Virginia Circuit dates are much more to the advantage of the various Associations, in that the horses may come north as the season progresses, with Cavalier Horse Show, Virginia Beach, opening on May 6-7, then Tidewater Horse Show, Norfolk, May 12-14; Deep Run Hunt Club, Richmond, May 27-28; Washington, June 2-4 and Upperville, June 9-10.

FORT MYER BENEFIT SHOW

Continued from Page One

Fort Myer score a complete victory with **Keonakolu** owned by Mrs. George S. Patton and ridden by Miss Ruth Ellen Patton. Mrs. Patton is the wife of the commander of the post. In second place was **Dansoux** ridden by Captain John Meade. Miss Margaret Cotter, giving **Rocksie** her usual fine ride, was only able to secure third place in this open hunter event with Captain Luebermann in Fourth place on **Billy Do**.

Handy Hunters saw **Billy Do** put in an excellent performance for first place for Captain Luebermann with **Red Cloud** owned by the United States Government second and Miss Cotter third on **Rocksie**. In the class for Park Hacks, U. S. Randle's well known winner **Randle's Find** was awarded the blue with Blakely Lodge up over **Randle's Governor** whom his owner was riding. The open jumpers concluded the evening events with Miss Margaret Cotter going clean on **Rocksie** and Captain K. G. Hoge on **Broomfield** in second place.

The Handy Hunter class had a novel jump in the shape of a gate on a pivot which was turned after being negotiated so that it had to be jumped again without circling back. After this class the Roosevelt string of horses had a class of their own with the President's small pony, his horse **New Deal**, Mrs. Roosevelt's 5 gaited hack, a Mexican horse and one old gentleman aged 82 who even had white eyebrows.

Summary

Class 1, Open Hunters—First, **Keonakolu**, owned by Mrs. George S. Patton and ridden by Miss Ruth Ellen Patton; second, **Dansoux**, owned and ridden by Capt. John Meade; third, **Rocksie**, owned and ridden by Miss Margaret Cotter; fourth, **Billy**

high wall of the wind as an alarm was turned in from Foxcroft at about five o'clock. The Volunteers raced to the scene to find a dying chimney fire in the colored mess hall.

Twelve-year-old George Gray is slowly improving from injuries sustained Friday in a coasting accident at the grade school grounds. He has been a patient at Winchester Memorial Hospital since Sunday.

Mrs. M. S. Reed, Mrs. J. S. McCannless and Miss Mabel Waddell left by car Wednesday morning for an extended stay in Florida with a trip to Cuba also planned during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lightcap and Miss Lila Cook of Washington and Miss Margaret Brooke of Detroit were dinner guests Saturday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gartrell.

Little Miss Josephine Altman of The Plains spent the week-end with Jane and Patricia Duffey, small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Duffey.

Do, owned and ridden by Capt. Henri Luebermann.

Class 2, Handy Jumpers—First, **Billy Do**, owned and ridden by Capt. Luebermann; second, **Red Cloud**, owned by United States Government and ridden by Lieut. C. B. McClelland; third, **Rusty**, owned by United States Government and ridden by Capt. T. R. Trapnell; fourth, **Red Fox**, owned and ridden by Col. George S. Patton.

Class 3, Park or Road Hacks—First, **Randle's Find**, owned by U. S.

Randle and ridden by Blakely Lodge; second, **Governor**, owned and ridden by U. S. Randle; third, **Rob Roy**, owned by Potomac Riding School; fourth, **Dansoux**, owned by Capt. John Meade and ridden by Mrs. Meade.

Open jumpers—First, **Rocksie**, owned and ridden by Miss Margaret Cotter; second, **Broomfield**, ridden by Captain G. K. Hoge.

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pork pie



By Carol White

I think if I suggested a glass of milk with a hair in it as a good drink it would not be cracked down on any more than some of my other recipes have been. However I aim to please so I will give you some sea-sonable dishes.

A delicious dessert for this time of year.

WATERMELON SURPRISE

Cut lengthwise two ripe water-melons and scoop out the insides. Fill with the following—

1 cup of Fullers Earth
A pound of cinnamon
The grated rinds of two coconuts
Six sticks of licorice
1 cup of buttermilk
1 quart of ginger beer
6 cups of corn starch (or the same of plaster of Paris)

Put all of the dry ingredients in a large keg and cover with a sheet of fly paper. Leave for two weeks. Add the rest of the ingredients and boil for two more weeks. Take from stove, chill and stuff the watermelon rinds to the top. Sprinkle with cloves and serve. This will serve two people.

Now is the time for jelly making. Gather together all your old cold cream jars and cigarette tins and take your basket on your arm and go out and pick your fruit. Have every-thing at hand before you start this very important kitchen work.

PEACH JAM

8 bushels ripe peaches
1 bushel ice cream salt
30 pounds of oyster grit
2 cardemon seeds
12 dill pickles
18 squares of Bakers chocolate
1 gallon of sour cream
Chop peaches and pickles to-geth-er and add the 2 cardemon seeds finely chopped and sauted in butter Mix with the salt and stir with a jade dagger. Merge the oyster shells and the chocolate and roll into balls. Fry these in the sour cream. Put all

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HOUND SHOW

Continued from Page One

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Conspicuously absent in the list of entries are Hounds from Virginia packs. It was thought that Middle-burg, Orange County, and Warren-ton would have Hounds entered, to contest the honors in the American Foxhound Division. Virginia packs are representative of some of the finest blood lines in the country. It is highly unfortunate that no Hounds will go from the Old Dominion State.

Hounds from the following packs will be shown: **American Foxhounds:** Fairfield County Hounds; Fairfield and Westchester Hounds; Rombout Riding and Hunt Club; Spring Val-ley Hounds; Millbrook Hunt; Nor-folk Hunt Club; Dedham Country and Polo Club Hounds; Sewickly Hunt; Essex Fox Hounds and Oaks Hunt.

BASSETTS: Stockford Bassett Hounds; The Followfield Hounds; and Brookdale Hunt.

BEAGLES: Redington Foot Beag-les; Stockford Beagles; Foxcatcher Beagles; Sir-Sister Beagles; Nan-tucket Harriers; Vernon Somerset Beagles; Elkhorn Beagle Pack. Whiteoakes Foot Beagles; and Duck Hollow Foot Beagles.

CROSS-BRED: Meadow Brook Hounds; Carrollton Hounds and Oaks Hunt.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS: Rolling Rock Hunt; Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds.

HARRIERS: Dilwyne Hunt, and Monmouth County Hunt.

WELSH FOXHOUNDS: Newbold

into a stone crock and bury for eigh-teen months.

At the end of this time, dig up disinfect and store in old cardboard hatboxes. This is excellent served with vegetable soup or custard pie.

Now that the tomato season is in full swing, lets turn our attention to that very useful meat.

Roast Prime Ribs of Tomato

Get your butcher to cut a middle piece from the tomato, roll and tie with needle point wool.

Take a large pewter kettle and fill it with one part vinegar, one part linseed oil and 9 parts turpentine. Into this after it has started to boil drop your middle cut of tomato (which has previously been stuck with MahJong counters) and cook for one and one eighth second. Re-move from the ice water and roll in the hay for fifteen minutes. You will find this even better than a roll with honey.

Pigs in Blanket

Cut up any old blanket or comfort-er into twenty four inch/squares. Re-move all dog hairs and coffee stains (this is according to taste). Get a copy at any book store of the Three Little Pigs and cut them out care-fully with a pair of pliers. Wrap each little pig in its blanket and cover them with a thick layer of crushed moth balls that have been soaked over night in oil of cloves. Place the "pigs" in a row in the kithen sink and cover closely with hot ashes. Let the cold water run on them for at least an hour and then they will be ready to serve. Garnish platter with candied pop-corn balls (some dyed red and others green) this makes a very festive and colorful dish for any of the nearby feast days, such as Fourth of July and sheep shearing day.

I am sure you will find all of these recipes just as delicious as they sound and if you are pleased do write me about them.

Ely's Hounds and Whitemarsh Hounds.

Judges will be William du Pont, Jr., M. F. H., of Delaware and Vir-ginia; J. Watson Webb, M. F. H., of Shelburne Vt.; Jackson H. Boyd, M. F. H., of Southern Pines, N. C.; William Almy, Jr., M. F. H., of South Westport, Mass.; J. Stanley Reeve, of Haverford, Pa.; Harry T. Peters, Jr., of Syosset, L. I.; James S. Jones, of N. Y. C., and G. Kimball Clement, of Haverhill, Mass.

C. Wadsworth Howard is Chair-man of the Committee in charge of the event, and is being aided by James W. Appleton, Edward H. Carle, Dr. Howard D. Collins, An-

derson Fowler, Richard V. N. Gam-brill, J. Stanley Reeve, W. Plunket Stewart and J. Watson Webb.

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Hunting Notes

Continued from Page Three

Casanova

road, where he was again viewed, he followed it for some distance, only to go back into the woods. It was then another large circle with the wood literally ringing with music. Back to the road, the fox crossed into Charlie Pinkiard's, making two wide circles in the large covert of pines and so across John Grayson's, past Turkey Run Church to the Flat Woods. As it was late, the Master decided to call it a day, but Hounds were reported running through Mr. Griffith's farm about six o'clock.

Farmington

(Va.)

Only hunted twice again this week. Thursday, Jan. 19th, met at eleven A. M. at Mrs. Jones'. A leaden sky above, snow underfoot (the terrible balling kind) and icy winds blowing. We started out, hacking Hounds over to Mrs. Galban's, by way of Mrs. Jones' fields, then across the Garth road bridge and on up the side of the back road to Farmington. Along through the scrub pines to the right Hounds started trailing, across the golf course to the woods by Lew Miller's. There got a big dark gray up, which ducked back and forth in the scrub there, crossed and recrossed the road into the Miller's in plain sight of all. Hounds warmed to him, running him on to Cushman's, where he somehow slipped away. By this time it was three o'clock, wind was rising, and we were all practically frozen so home we hacked.

Saturday, Jan. 21st. Hounds were not taken out.

Tuesday, Jan. 24th., Met at thirty at Ballard's orchard. Started out being a misty, muggy day, but quickly cleared up the sun shining spasmodically terribly muddy underfoot. Hounds were cast to the left, ranged out, and forty five minutes later had a red fox up and going. On across rough country into the mountains to Turner's mountain they and we went. Then doubled back the way we had come to Mr. Higginson's then back again to Turner's Mt., and on back to the Airport, where he went in. I believe that at Turner's Mt., the second time another red must have crossed, as it seems almost impossible that one fox could have covered as much ground without either going in long before he did, or being killed, with Hounds pushing him the way they were. Spent horses and flushed faces told the story when we reached the airport at four o'clock.—J. M.

Vicmead

(Del.)

Tuesday, January 10th, Hounds met at one o'clock at Mr. Baker's Farm in the Bohemian Manor Country. The day was very warm for this time of year in spite of a west wind, but Hounds ran magnificently all afternoon and gave one of the best days in the history of the Vicmead.

Drawing through the Saw Mill Woods, a brace was soon unkenneled and Hounds were away on a fine running fox who made a loop right handed on John Hobson's farm before setting his mask to the North

for John Lambden's. There Charlie Carver sailed over a five foot six panel in the grandest style on his chestnut mare and continued with Hounds as they ran their fox on to Evans' covert where we viewed several times. Hounds soon pushed him on to the Thompson farm where there was a brief check. Two black Rabbit Dogs having joined the pack, Mr. Dean had them picked up at this moment and locked in Mr. Thompson's barn. Hounds were cast back again towards the woods, where they soon hit off the line and went away gloriously. Running to the North, they went through Mrs. Lynch's and Crothers and crossed the Mt. Pleasant Road. On good terms with their fox, they went on through Kirk's Stubble to Fred Austin's where they turned left handed into Charles Riccard's and then on to Dean Paxton's Farm which lies along the canal bank through Benjamin Buckworth's and Blanch Field and denned their fox on the South bank of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, not far from Bethel Church. This was a seven mile point from Saw Mill woods.

Before there had been a breathing space, Hounds immediately went away again on a canal fox which ran west, past Bethel Church and swung left handed before circling back to the canal. Unfortunately, three more foxes were successively run in this vicinity but refused to leave the canal. Finally, Hounds put up a courageous fox on the George Johnson Jr., farm. He proceeded west for four miles before swinging left handed across the Mt. Pleasant Road into the Law Place. Hounds followed him across the stream and up a steep bank and then on to the South to Buller's wheatfield. The fox had entered the wheatfield for about 100 yards, stopped, and left the field by retracing his steps and foiling his tracks. Hounds soon worked out this piece of strategy with wonderful simultaneousness and crossed back over the wire fence, they struck the line beautifully and streamed away once more. They crossed Charles Harris' and Lloyd Argo's, went through George McMichael's into Coverdale, and swung left handed into Cleaver's woods. Hounds were whipped off at ten minutes to five in the gathering dusk and this ended a magnificent hunt. —Volpe.

Rose Tree

(Pa.)

During the last week the Rose Tree Fixture Card has only been used for decorative purposes. Those nice little "holders" with hounds and horses have very attractively displayed the card on the desk, or mantlepiece in the den of many a worthy hunting man. But lo; Delaware County has been snowed in or should I say under.

For the sake of any reader, who from the climatic state, is more fortunately situated, I am going to devote a paragraph to snow. If I don't it might be said Rose Tree only hunts under exceedingly favorable weather conditions. Our benevolent publisher, Stacy B. Lloyd, definitely stated he was interested in "... the apparent scenting conditions..." and any other matter such as jumping" This week there was no scent and no jumping. The country was snowed under last Friday, the thirteenth. Perhaps it was an omen of the bad luck that superstitious combination is often blamed for. Since that "bug-

aboo day" it has snowed three times in the week.

Last Saturday, the twenty-first, was our first attempt to go out. Instead of meeting "up country" at Mr. Warren Rhodes', as scheduled, we ventured forth from the Club at eleven o'clock. Horses balled up badly and the ten to twelve inches of snow made the going heavy and difficult. Hounds moved off from the kennels crossing the old race track to Sycamore Mills Road; turning sharp right, drawing through the Pines on Boxwood Farm. Going on we next drew the Pines on the Piersol Chicken Farm. Here we jumped up a fox and ran him to near Hunting Hill. Jumping was difficult and scenting was even more so.

On the whole it was not a particularly good run. I wonder how many of "us authors" are honest? Perhaps that is not a fair question but regarding honesty I assure you this one is and will continue to be so. It is much more fun to sincerely enthuse over a good run, than to exaggerate the poor ones. I like to draw on my imagination where there is justification, but not for selfish reasons. Rose Tree had a dull week, but when the weather clears we will make up for those un-hunted days. —F. Flask

Continued on Page Seven

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HISTORY OF MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS

Continued from Page One

ing chorus. As the years have rolled by, this pack of Virginia Hounds with their various outcrosses have seldom failed to find a fox, and never failed to justify their reputation as one of the finest packs of American Foxhounds in this country. Their cry, all important in the heavily wooded terrain over which they hunt, is splendid. Mr. Sands has taken great pains to develop it in his breeding, adding Hounds from Maryland, and Delaware, noted for their fine notes, to increase its strength. The great preponderance of the blood that goes in to this pack, is the Virginia Hound and although no particular strain is adhered to, the appearance of the pack shows that the bloodlines have been carefully maintained for type as well as hunting ability for the Middleburg pack is uniform with big bone, well muscled, deep of chest, long eared, sloping quarters and straight sterns. Their feet and pasterns are well nigh perfect, as it is the first consideration with the Master for if a Hound cannot stand up, he says he is no good in the field and the field must come first, even though he is vitally interested in the improvement of the appearance of his Hounds. From a red Virginia Hound called Ring, a touch of red has been added to the black and white, so that many of the Hounds are now tricolored. They are markey with a preponderance of white to insure the greatest visibility.

In 1909 Mr. Sands' career as a Master of Foxhounds was inaugurated when he took over the leadership of Piedmont. Before this Colonel Dulany of Upperville and James Maddux at Warrenton had been hunting Hounds in Virginia and John R. Townsend and S. R. Fred with Hatcher as Huntsman, were joint-masters of Middleburg. The Kennels were at Miss Julia Whiting's present home in Middleburg. Previous to this, John R. Townsend had persuaded Mr. Harriman to build the present kennels for Orange County. When Mr. Townsend died in 1910, and Mr. Fred resigned in 1912, Robert Gerry asked Mr. Sands to take over the Mastership of Middleburg. At that time, the Hounds were mainly from the Bywaters strain of Virginia Hound. They were black and white, thickset, heavy in type, but not as tall as they are today. Louis Leith hunted the Hounds in 1912 and Mr. Sands was master of both Piedmont and Middleburg. Mr. Sands controlled the destinies of these early Hounds until 1915 when he resigned, and a Hunt committee carried on for Middleburg while J. B. Thomas and Malcolm Gore Richardson with Charlie Carver, Huntsman, took the Piedmont country. In 1917, Dr. A. C. Randolph was acting Master of Piedmont and in 1919 Middleburg and Piedmont were hunting together with Anthony Kirby as huntsman. By 1921, Mr. Sands became interested again, and resumed the mastership of Middleburg which he has never since relinquished, hunting every year and it was from this date that the present strain of the Middleburg pack began to be developed.

Sam Jenkins of Leesburg had a great pack of some twelve couple of black and white Hounds on Masons Island on the Potomac. He had a bitch called Genevieve from which has come many great Hounds. E. B. McClean, living on the place now owned by Patrick Hurley acquired these Hounds and Mr. Sands bred all the bitches one year and divided up the pack. Then began a process of weeding and sorting, developing and improving that has been going on steadily ever since. One day, Doctor S. Taylor Young arrived at Mr. Sands' house with a Hound by the name of High Roll. A big black Hound with tremendous bone, great shoulders, powerfully muscled, he had been bought from Mr. Pierce in Delaware and to High Roll as much as any other single Hound must go the honor of founding the strain of the Middleburg pack for from High Roll Mr. Sands got Lucy who was out of Radio and Lucy's puppies have been great Hounds, while Lucy herself led the Middleburg pack from many a cold line to a burning scent that sent their fox flying for his life and brought horses to their knees in attempt to maintain the pace. Lucy was out of Radio and Radio was a Hound that was owned by Freddy McIlhone, given him by Dr. A. C. Randolph. Radio came from New York. Their daughter, Lucy, won the American Foxhound championship at Bryn Mawr for three years and was considered the best Hound of her class in this country by the American Foxhounds Association. Her litters now fill the Middleburg Kennels and comprise the best Hounds of the 62 who are providing sport to Middleburg Fields today.

High Roll was used very extensively in the stud. He was black, with white neck and white feet. He was most unusual for the bone of his forearms, his quarters and sloping shoulders, and was an excellent Hound in the field. The sire of Lucy was considered so good in conformation, that when Mr. Sands had composite photographs of American Hounds made some years ago, it was High Roll that most nearly matched the good points of all, and it was Lucy that showed up best for the bitches. Out of Lucy, when bred to a Hound from the Warrenton kennels has come Big Sport, a Warrenton and Bryn Mawr Show winner. Now also there is Big Master, winner of the Maryland Field Trials last year. Big Master is by Speed who is by Hector out of Lucy. Hector was by Drummer while Big Master is out of

Continued on Page Eleven

taking them over the best of the newly paneled country right up to Chilly Hollow. Hounds swung left handed into Mr. Hall's Blue Grass field but was turned and continued on east into Chilly Hollow where he went through the big covert to east of Chilly Hollow. Hounds then went on down into the River Bottom next to Castleman's Ferry and ran the river almost to Castleman's Ferry. The fox went left at Mrs. Livingston's barn and was seen crossing the road opposite Mrs. Cummings place.

Here huntsman Gardiner was unable to find Hounds that had eluded him going through the big covert in Chilly Hollow due to the high wind. Mrs. Livingston's manager, Arthur Reynolds saw Hounds crossing the Berryville Highway, saddled a horse and went after them. From there Hounds disappeared and could not be followed even by the Reynolds boy, but they were finally found at Westwood, about six miles on down the river. They had apparently hunted their fox directly down the river and when Reynolds finally caught them they had lost the line.

This was a point of some 6 miles and at least ten as Hounds ran. It was late in the afternoon when Reynolds finally had Hounds in a trailer and was bringing them back when huntsman Gardiner and Hon. Whipper-in Dougherty picked them up, much relieved after losing Hounds for well over two hours.

Potomac

(Md.)

On Saturday, January the 21st, the Potomac Hunt met at Mr. Plummer's Corner on River Road. The country-side was covered with about three inches of snow but the ground had thawed sufficiently to allow good footing. Gordon's Wood was first drawn and a fox was soon started. He only ran for about ten minutes and went to earth on the south end of Gordon's Wood. Hounds were cast in the north end of the Wood and from there on to Mr. Plummer's and thence across the farm of Dr. John H. Lyons then across Mr. Julian Osmond's and into the wood behind the farm of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, Here a fox was started. Crossing River Road he ran north-west across the farm of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, across the Demarest Lloyd farm, crossing River Road again, thence across Mr. Thrift's farm and across the farm of Mr. Louis Federline, across the farm of Mr. Atwood, then across Mr. Emmett Foster's farm, and went to earth about a quarter of a mile from the point at which he was started. Both Hounds and fox ran in view of the field for a goodly part of the distance and it was a day not to be soon forgotten.

Because of the weather conditions very few people turned out.

Continued on Page Ten

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Hunting Notes

Continued from Page Six

The Blue Ridge

(Va.)

Wind, good scent and a fast running fox succeeded in losing Hounds for the Blue Ridge Hunt the first of this week when the pack ran out of sight at Chilly Hollow and were lost for a good part of the day.

Monday Blue Ridge met at Mt. Hebron and found a fox in the first covert drawn at Bell's Woods. Hounds ran northeast with the fox

The Middleburg Chronicle

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Editorials

MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION

It is many a long day since George Washington wrote in his diary, "Went a 'Hunting, found a fox and catch'd it," or "went a hunting but found nothing." These brief, terse accounts by this ardent foxhunter of early America go on, entry after entry, in the famous diary almost up to the day of George Washington's death. They are almost the earliest records we have of Foxhounds in this country and in their lines are transcribed all the eagerness, the disappointments and the thrills that lie behind the chase. Washington did not have to write in glowing terms for to a Foxhunter all that is necessary are those simple lines, penned so many years ago, "Found a fox and catch'd it."

Today the Masters of Foxhounds are meeting to carry on this same tradition that was recounted so painstakingly two hundred years ago. In spite of roads, automobiles, all the vast and confining network of civilization, Foxhunting is carrying on. In the time of George Washington, the country was there to hunt over and there was no problem to sport, but that of finding the fox and as that beloved Foxhunter of the Green Spring Valley Redmond Stuart used occasionally to write in his diary, "of whooping the dogs on the line."

The times have changed and when in other days, there was no need for Foxhunters to organize, today there is a crying need which the Masters of Foxhounds Association fulfills to insure sport in this land of highways and motor cars. Hounds must be bred and trained as they never were before to hold the line and give cry over the most difficult country. Hounds must have such noses to carry their fox over concrete roads, through front yards, past suburban districts. They must be so keen as not to heed car dogs, to hunt together as a pack, to road together as cars fly by and to answer as one to the horn for not to do these things means destruction either by trains, by automobiles or to be stolen by those who feel a stray Hound is fair game for the finder in a country where Foxhunting is but little understood.

The Masters of Foxhounds Association is first of all providing a means by which the best traits of the American Foxhound can be observed, can be bred, improved and preserved. The stud book is the medium upon which the salvation of the American Foxhound as introduced into this country by the great sportsmen of two hundred years ago, can be kept intact. The slow and easy times of our fathers when the neighbors gathered with their Hounds and the scratch pack went off to put in a good day's hunting have disappeared. It did not matter then if some Hounds rioted, if others were lost, because there was always another day and plenty of time and all the country to hunt over. So they came with ropes on their Hounds and let them hunt as they willed.

Today farmers are jealous of their fields and landowners would as soon not have their fences broken, their chickens eaten or their fields marked with horses' hoofs when horses are but luxuries, not necessities. So as the Masters of Foxhounds Association hold their thirtieth annual meeting in New York, Foxhunters can be very thankful that there is one strong, powerful organization that can represent their interests and help to maintain with united support, the traditions of Foxhunting in a day when all things work towards its destruction but the will of the men who refuse to see sport die in this country for the lack of an organization to maintain its traditions and to preserve the bloodlines of its Foxhounds.

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LETTERS TO EDITOR

Maryland Cup Changes

Editors, Middleburg Chronicle,
Middleburg, Va.

What will the change in conditions of the Maryland Hunt Cup mean to that race. As is ever the case the plan was evolved with the hope of increasing the size of the field. Only five horses went to the post last year for the race which is credited with being the greatest timber race in the world. The change is a weight for age allowance for nonwinners. Four-year-olds that have never won a race over timber are allowed five pounds. Five-year-olds that have never won over timber are allowed 10 pounds.

It may increase the number of horses but it will hardly increase the quality. Quality does not always make good racing but it is a pretty fair start toward that end. The essence of racing is keen competition. If the weights act to bring close races by bringing closer together the efforts of the horses, the plan will have its good aspects. If on the other hand it goes into reverse and prevents the running of a portion of the top flight horses, even though all the finishes are blanket, the effect will be against steeple-chasing rather than in its behalf.

There is this to be said, however. The fact that there is seldom a top weight winner in the English Grand National does not seem to have had any dampening influence on the enthusiasm of the crowds. When Golden Miller won, and set the record, under top weight in 1934 he was the first top weight winner in that race since Poethlyn in 1919.

Perhaps our experience over a number of years with contests between humans on the cinder path, where a man rarely draws a handicap because of proficiency, makes us bias, but we do hate to see a good horse simply weighted out of the competition in an effort to bring him to an equal plane with his inferiors.

The Maryland Hunt Cup is too big a race for a detrimental effect to be noticed at once, but should it be noticed, it will well behoove the race committee to return to the conditions which it has so lately abandoned.

Sincerely yours,
James Carney,
Norfolk Virginia—Pilot,

The Old Persimmon Again

Editor, Middleburg Chronicle,
Middleburg, Virginia.

The Master of the OLD PERSIMMON HOUNDS is highly intrigued, inspired, and edified by the masterpiece of PORK PIE CAROL, (neigh Emily Post), as to the art of finding, hunting, and finally accounting for a dinner a la mode, which appeared in the CHRONICLE of January 13th.

Whenever we ("we" is used in the Editorial sense and does not include the main dynamo) decide to throw a dinner party, we are always hell-bent in the "mood" for it. But when the fatal evening comes 'round, we usually find the edge taken off after 5½ hours in the saddle, (particularly af-

ter a blank day), and we are usually out of gin. We agree with Carol, "DON'T wear black," (or even white)—be bright. In a hunting country, any colour which will clash with scarlet will do.

"If a guest should arrive before the appointed time, it's not your fault." But, my Gawd, Carol, such a think has never happened in Virginia! Should such a faux pas occur, however, we wouldn't waste an extra cocktail on them. "If we had servants enough," we would send one of the footmen out to show them our horses. The footman will love doing it, and they will adore to see the horses. And this will suggest an interesting topic of conversation during dinner, instead of having to listen to that everlasting chatter about Hitler, The State of the Nation, or the SEC. Meanwhile, whilst your guests are floundering around in the mud at the stable, you can take your time with your make-up and avoid dabbing mascara on your mouth and putting lip-stick on your eyebrows.

"If a guest is over fifteen minutes late (about the time it takes to have cocktails) go into dinner." End quote. Here we differ from you, Carol. Unless a guest is over fifteen hands high, how do you expect him to drink six cocktails in fifteen minutes? And people in a hunting country prefer dried up dinners. Then they can often distinguish between dinner and drinks—it's most embarrassing to see some well known first-flightier trying to cut up his cocktail while attempting to drink down a slice of roast beef and a roast potato. And we think it O. K. to encourage guests to take their half-finished cocktail glasses into the dining room—they may throw these glasses around in preference to more expensive china, Spode, Wedgewood, Sears-Roebuck, or what have you.

"If possible have several choices of things to drink." Here, we are in full agreement. In addition to the martinis, (which some people hate), it is well to have a jug of pre-repeal "cawn" for those on the wagon—they will never mistake it for liquor, but the effect will be all that can be desired. Sometimes more.

We fully agree that elaborate hors d'oeuvres are hors de combat, and certainly shrimps stuck on red, white, and blue toothpicks, though quite patriotic and mildly erotic, are definitely passee. May we suggest a bowl of oatmeal? If served on cracked ice, with toast, lemon, and grated egg, no dyed-in-the wool hunting man could tell it from caviar, and the saving will be considerable.

Before "sailing into the dining room," (three sheets in the wind), instead of bothering about seating your guests yourself, you should have obtained a chart from the State Department—they have a special bureau (Division of Protocol) which attends to just those matters, and they will be only too glad to co-operate. Then, when all are seated, if someone be found sitting in a lady's lap, you can just blame the whole thing on Roosevelt. One thing the State Department does not understand, however, is that the Master should be seated under the table, and as near the hostess as possible. In some countries he will get there anyway, but it is better to seat him there in the first place, and thus avoid the possibility of a dangerous fall.

If you have a couple of extra women, borrow a couple of the best mannered dog-hounds from your
Continued on Page Nine

THE OLD PERSIMMON

Continued from Page Eight

Hunt. That is better than sending to Washington for a couple of bright young men, and the ladies will never notice the difference, (by that time).

"Do not be a peerer." No, it's better to be a peeress, if you can make the grade—ask Wally Simpson. "Try and look calm and not notice." This is hard to do when your husband is putting one of the squabs, (or squabbles), which "look like tiny black coals", into a sling-shot and aiming at Grandfather's portrait.

If "a bell is pretty awful" why not have a hunting horn—the old-fashioned cow horn, if you can blow it? We would not give a dinner party unless we could have all the servants hovering in the dining room, including the cook. The chatter and stories (!) she will overhear will be an inspiration when she returns to the cuisine to turn her spit.

We like those gold-fish bowls for brandy, as two will hold a bottle, and you don't have to keep pouring. As you say, the brandy will go a long way. We remember times when some of our guests made eight or nine miles afoot after a gold-fish session.

We agree that it is entirely unnecessary to PLAN an evening. The guests, (ably aided by the host), will generally put on an impromptu floor show. At a good-sized dinner party, there may be as many as eight or nine on the floor at once. Then, have a perfectly trained servant come in to empty ash-trays every 4½ minutes. **THIS is the criterion** of a well bred household. But the man must be trained to school over at least two prone figures at once, and this while carrying a tray with four ash-trays and sixteen empty glasses! But practice makes perfect.

We think it useless to serve cheese and hard boiled eggs at ten o'clock. If you have any marble figures around, the eggs are a great temptation. It is better to have breakfast at six o'clock, and if the hostess will sit down to the piano about this time, no doubt some of the guests will think about getting under weigh. (Not under weight). If a hostess can't enjoy a party like this,—then she just ain't cut out for a hunting country! ! !

yours truly
"Loopy".

VIRGINIA SIRED WINNERS

Continued from Page One

E. F. Woodward just half her Saratoga sales price when she earned \$600 in a maiden race at Hialeah last Monday.

Sun Antioch, F. J. Vollmer's 7-year-old gelded son of *Sun Briar also scored at the Miami track, accounting for a 7 furlong claiming event on the 20th. Other Virginia

sired winners at Hialeah during the week were **Easiest Way**, 8-year-old Waygood gelding of the J. Peters stable who made it two straight; B. F. Whitaker's 3-year-old **Stepanfetichit** colt **Dicty Step**; Dattner Stable's 4-year-old **Lancegaye** filly **Flying Lance**; Mrs. M. B. Negri's 4-year-old **Chestnut Oak** colt **Seed**, all three having scored last Friday; G. T. Hanna's **Flag Pole** filly **Wakita**; J. J. Whalen's **Claptrap** colt **Clap In**; and Mrs. C. S. Bromley's 3-year-old *Gino gelding **Sungino** who graduated from the maiden ranks on Tuesday.

Two of *Strolling Player's get occupied the winners' circle at New Orleans on Monday: One, J. D. English's 4-year-old filly **War Jest** returned \$27.20 for \$2 as her part of a \$1,547 mutuel, while later in the day the 5-year-old gelding **One Night** who races for Mrs. J. E. Oros came through to take command in the last strides of an able field to win by a length and a half.

Harvey Shaffer's 4-year-old **Our General** gelding **Our Dream** proved a worth while investment to his backers at Santa Anita last Saturday when he returned the winner with odds of \$26.60, after coming from last place entering the stretch to cross the finish line going away.

Summary

Jan. 18, **Easiest Way**, 8, br. g. (*Waygood—Free and Easy), J. Peters, Hialeah Park, 1 1-2 miles \$700

Jan. 18, **Red Hay**, 4, b. g. (Judge Hay—Bright Red), Mrs. H. C. Rummage, Havana, 6 furlongs \$425

Jan. 18, **Ancient Rome**, 7, b. g. (Pompey—Passe), Hollenshead & McCulloch, Havana, 1 1-16 miles \$425

Jan. 18, **Plaudaway**, 2, blk. f. (Whiskaway—Applaud), H. Nellor, Fair Grounds, 2 furlongs \$425

Jan. 18, **Trickwick**, 5, b. g. (Westwick—Tricky), Millsdale Stable, Fair Grounds, 6 furlongs \$525

Jan. 18, **Grey Streak**, 7, gr. g. (Pompey—Jezebel), Mrs. A. M. Creech, Fair Grounds, 6 furlongs \$625

Jan. 18, **Cross S.**, 5, dk. b. h. (*Teddy—Comeover), Mrs. J. F. Waters, Santa Anita, 1 1-16 miles \$1,000

Jan. 19, **Mountain Top**, 3, b. g. (High Quest—Dunite), Mrs. M. R. Waugh, Fair Grounds, 6 furlongs \$425

Jan. 19, **Hysterical**, 3, ch. g. (Trace Call—Giggling), A. G. Vanderbilt, Santa Anita, 1 mile \$1,000

Jan. 20, **Dicty Step**, 3, ch. e. (Stepanfetichit—Dicty), B. F. Whitaker, Hialeah Park, 6 furlongs \$700

Jan. 20, **Sun Antioch**, 7, b. g. (*Sun Briar—Antipodes), F. J. Vollmer, Hialeah Park, 7 furlongs \$700

Jan. 20, **Flying Lance**, 4, b. g. (Lancegaye—Beloved), Dattner Stable, Hialeah Park, 1 1-8 miles \$700

Jan. 20, **Seed**, 4, ch. c. (Chestnut Oak—Lena Rinehart), L. Teter, 1 1-8 miles \$700

Jan. 21, **Son of War**, 2, br. c. (War Whoop—Maid of Mars), A. T. Winmill, Hialeah Park, 3 furlongs \$600

Jan. 21, **Lady Genie**, 7, ch. m. (Genie—Killana), Mrs. S. Ketchell,

Hialeah Park, 1 1-8 miles \$700
Jan. 21, **Our Dream**, 4, b. g. (Our General—Good Evening), H. Shaffer, Santa Anita, 1 mile \$1,000
Jan. 23, **Valdina Bess**, 2, br. f. (*Sun Briar—Rivalry), Mrs. E. F. Woodward, Hialeah Park, 3 furlongs \$600

Jan. 23, **Wakita**, 3, b. f. (Flag Pole—Kawita), G. T. Hanna, Hialeah Park, 7 furlongs \$700

Jan. 23, **War Jest**, 4, ch. f. (*Strolling Player—War Wedding), J. D. English, Fair Grounds, 1 mile & 70 yards \$425

Jan. 23, **One Night**, 5, ch. g. (*Strolling Player—Fairlee), Mrs.

J. E. Oros, Fair Grounds, 6 furlongs \$425
Jan. 24, **Sungino**, 3, ch. g. (*Gino—Reigh Nun), Mrs. C. S. Bromley, Hialeah Park, 7 furlongs \$700
Jan. 24, **Clap In**, 4, ch. c. (Claptrap—In Favour), J. J. Whalen, Hialeah Park, 1 1-8 miles \$700

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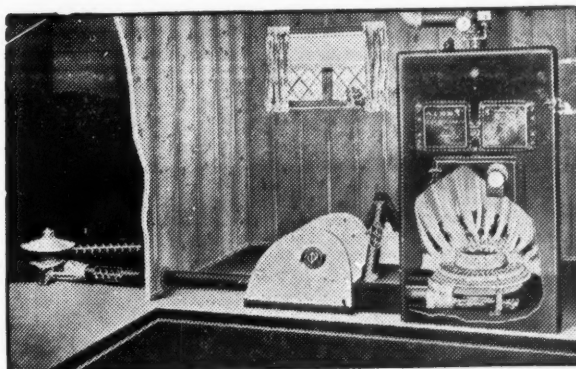
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Blood Horse Editor Gives Address

Continued From Page 2

he called sire families. The other families could produce good winners, but not good sires.

That was a wonderful theory. The only thing wrong with it was a large number of exceptions. But Mr. Lowe was a genius at accounting for exceptions, as anyone must be who sets up a theory or a creed of any sort. He explained that if a sire did not come from a sire family it was all right if he was "inbred" to a sire family, or if "the sire element is strong in their mates." There wouldn't be many big fish slip through a net like that.

Now, most of us, if we had invented a theory as good as that, would have called it a good job and quit. But Bruce Lowe was so sure of his theory that he wanted it to explain everything. He didn't want parts lying around that didn't fit in. And there was one very troublesome item which was not yet explained. He could explain *Ormonde all right. He was a great horse, and he should have been. But what about Ormonde's brothers and sisters which were not great horses. They were bred exactly as Ormonde was, and the figure guide was so infallible that if they were bred the same way they should have behaved the same way, or else there was a reason for it.

In order to produce that reason Mr. Lowe dragged in the old saturation theory, which I give you gladly. According to the saturationists, when a mare is bred to a stallion and carries his foal, she absorbs some of the characteristics, or blood, or protoplasmic exudate, or something, of that stallion. If she is bred to him again she absorbs more of whatever it is. And somewhere along the line she has just the right amount of it—and then appears the best horse she will ever produce to that particular sire. This was a very good theory, too, but not even Bruce Lowe or William Allison, who played Mahomet to Lowe's Allah, could ever reveal just how a breeder was to know when the saturation point had been reached.

The Bruce Lowe system, which sounds like complete tommyrot to me, had a profound effect on Thoroughbred breeding the world over. It has been slain a thousand times, but like an insubstantial ghost it still walks among us. Its devotees are among us today, and they can still decide in advance whether a horse will be a good sire, according to whether he belongs to a sire family or is inbred to a sire family. Only last year a nationally syndicated column, by one of the best racing writers in America, explained that Dauber was no good as a sire prospect because he came from the Levity family, which had never produced a good sire. It happens that Dauber is not descended from Levity, but from Levity's dam, which was also the dam of Vandal, sire of Virgil, sire of Hindoo, sire of Hanover; and a little further back it becomes the family of Lexington, the greatest sire that ever stood in America. (I am afraid I am partly responsible for this error, since I once carelessly mentioned that Dauber's family was Levity's family.) But the word is out, and the chances are that Dauber's chances for stud success will be so effectively discounted in advance that his chances will actually be lessened. You can't beat down the ghost of Bruce Lowe.

There was another theory which occupied the same cell with saturation. It was called telephony. It wasn't Bruce Lowe's child, either, but he adopted it because it provided him with a handy little crowbar to pry his way out of tight places. According to this profound nonsense, after a mare soaked up so much of the characteristics of a horse to which she had been bred her foals would still show the characteristics of that horse, even when she was bred to something else. Maybe that sounds screwy to you, but be careful. I'd have to be a lot more careful myself if I were in Kentucky instead of Florida. At least one of the best known breeders alive today subscribes to that theory—and he has bred some very good horses. So maybe it's right.

But I'd better leave Bruce Lowe alone. Sometimes I am ashamed of myself for shadow-boxing with a ghost that will outlive me a century.

The most thorough system ever pieced together for breeding thoroughbreds was that of Colonel Vuillier, of France, who a good many years ago published Les Croisements Rationnels de la Race Pure. Like Bruce Lowe, he took the best horse of England—he could have taken the worst ones—and estimated for each and all the mathematical proportion of the blood of the greatest ancestors contained in their pedigrees. From these figures he learned the average for all the pedigrees, and on the average he built his theory. The way to breed good horses, he said, was to approximate that average. If a sire had too little St. Simon, breed him to a mare with too much St. Simon, so that the foal would have the normal dosage of St. Simon. And so on through Isonomy, Bend Or, Hampton, Hermit, Stockwell, Birdcatcher, etc.

This theory will never be very popular in America. It's too much trouble. However, it has to its advantage that it is hard to understand, and pedigree experts are adept at cashing in on things their clients cannot possibly understand. And the dosage system is perfect hocus-pocus, because, one way or another, you could explain almost anything by it. The Aga Khan uses it. He also uses astrology, I have heard, and with reasonable success.

Those are the big fish in the theory pond. There are all sorts of smaller fry among which breeders can take their choice. There is the same-age theory, which teaches that you should mate sires and dams of the same age, or nearly the same age. If you don't like that, there is the theory that you should breed an old stallion to a young mare, and vice versa. Or you can believe, and have plenty of people to help you do so, that racing ability is inherited along with coat color, as in the chestnut sons of the chestnut Fair Play and the chestnut Man o' War. (War Admiral? Oh, he's one of the exceptions.) And there's Dr. Mackay's theory of the staying heart, which might be all right if there were any way to make use of it. And I have here a very good theory, if anyone is interested, which assigns to every prominent male line a color, such as vermilion, or purple, or pink, and teaches that every color on the top side of the pedigree should be repeated on the bottom side. If you like crayons, it would do.

But there is one theory which lords it over all the others, which is so firmly fixed in the minds of breeders that it is considered not a theory but an axiom. The thing has become a part of the horse business just as the curycumb has, and is accepted as being quite as indispensable. This is the nick theory, if I may call it that. It teaches that Ben Brush dovetails with Domino, Fair Play with Rock Sand, that every strain has its proper affinity, if only the breeder is fortunate enough to find the proper combination, or nick. It says that the sire is the key, the mare is the lock, and unless you get the proper lock and key together you do not have the full use of either of them. And when one man finds the proper combination, his neighbors rush forth to try the same pattern. And by the time the resulting foals have reached a worthless maturity, someone else has discovered another combination to which they flock with as much zeal as they showed for the first. And there's no use trying to call them back. They can't hear you. And anyway, they will breed just as many good horses that way as they would any other way.

I believe it is obvious enough that on the road to success in breeding Thoroughbreds it is true, as Lord Dunsany once said it, that you can see nothing for the dust.

I hope I may be pardoned for my irreverence toward things with which I might have disagreed with better manners. In each of the theories I have mentioned there is one important and trustworthy item, namely, that if you expect the theory to work you must have good stock to breed from. Sometimes this principle is not even stated, but is obviously assumed. It is the one nugget of substantial truth in the whole mountain.

Give a man good horses to breed from and he will do all right with any theory. Give a man bad horses and all the theories in the world will not make him a successful breeder.

How do you know what stock is good for breeding? You don't. There

is only one dependable clue, and that is racing class. Poor race horses do not make good sires, you can depend on that. Poor race mares do not make as good producers as good race mares; you can depend on that, but not very heavily. Actually, there are not many clues which will discover in advance the prepotent individual which the wise breeder must always seek.

But, take it or leave it, that is the game—seek the prepotent individual. You may find him in the winner's circle crowned with imperishable fame, as they found Man o' War, hitched to a farmer's cart, as they found the dam of Isinglass, but however he may disclose himself, accept him for what he is worth as worth is estimated in the sweat of competition.

Hunting Notes

Continued From Page Seven

Piedmont

(Va.)

Snow and frozen conditions have kept Hounds in the Kennels for the past ten days, with only exercising along the back roads to keep them fit. George Roberts Slater, Member of the Board of Governors, which board controls the policies of the Hunt, will act as Master during the absence of Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H. Dr. Randolph underwent an operation on his throat last Monday, in a Washington Hospital.

Warrenton

(Va.)

"During January and February 1939, Hounds will meet generally on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, weather permitting. The time and place of meet may be ascertained by telephoning Warrenton 313. Amory S. Carhart M. F. H. So reads the card, but the country has been under lock and key since that ominous Friday the 13th., Huntsman Bywaters has been exercising Hounds regularly, roading them in the vicinity of the Kennels, down the Springs Road.

Orange County

(Va.)

Orange County Hounds have been getting regular exercising during the locked days of the past fortnight. On two occasions, Hounds were hunted up Huntleigh and Chetwood Mountains, where greys frequent. The Orange County Hunt Kennels, near The Plains, houses almost a hundred Hounds, representing two packs Fletcher Harper, M. F. H. and Huntsman Leach never take out more than 18 to 20 couple, but the four days a week keeps all Hounds on the go. This has been a fortunate year to date with fewer losses of Hounds than last year. Automobiles killed

several Hounds being "roaded" to meets in 1937-38.

Deep Run

(Va.)

The perfect hunt weather, which started with New Year's Hunt, has kept up, with the exception of some rain, and we have had some fine drag hunts. The Hounds have been running absolutely true and setting a fast pace for the field. The fields have been averaging around 25 and the spectators following by car seem to be on the increase. Last Saturday, there were fifteen cars which faithfully went from check to check.

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1938 Stake Winners By Virginia Sires

Continued from Page Four

Pompeys Pillar, b. g., 1932, (Pompey—Snooze, by Peter Pan), Windsor Handicap	2,105
Pompoon, b. c., 1934, (Pompey—Oonagh, by Friar Rock), San Carlos Handicap	4,600
Dixie Handicap	20,950
Prince Argo, b. c., 1935, (*Happy Argo, or *Brown Prince II—Georgia Rose, by Sweep), Au Revoir Handicap	1,760
Ridge, ch. f., 1935, (Pompey—Ledge, by Friar Rock), McIntyre & Loudon Memorial Handicap	1,565
Roseretter, ch. f., 1935, (*Teddy, or *Lancegaye—Garden Rose, by Colin), Lady Baltimore Handicap	2,535
Rough Time, ch. g., 1934, (Grand Time—Sand Trap, by Trap Rock), Col. A. J. Pierce Handicap	2,520
Capital Handicap	7,075
Rust, ch. m., 1932, (*Spanish Prince II—Anna Horton, by *Wrack), Long Island Claiming Stakes	2,690
Say Judge, b. c., 1936, (Judge Hay, or Zacaweister—I Say, by *Dis Done), Kindergarten Stakes	1,105
Search, ch. c., 1936, (High Quest—Rebuff, by *Snob II), Bennington Stakes	2,350
Spot News, blk. f., 1936, (Trace Call—Lillabelle, by Buchan), Kentucky Claiming Stakes	2,605
Stage Beauty, b. f., 1935, (*Strolling Player—Modification, by High Time), Worcester Handicap	4,390
Sun Egret, ch. c., 1935, (*Sun Briar—Polly Egret, by *Polymelian), San Pasquale Handicap	5,050
San Vicente Handicap	5,125
Santa Maria Stakes	4,900
Rowe Memorial Handicap	4,250
Bowie Spring Handicap	3,250
Roger Williams Handicap	5,210
Baltimore Autumn Handicap	3,015
Teddy Haslam, b. g., 1933, (*Teddy—Sweetheart, by Ultimus), Bryan & O'Hara Memorial Handicap	1,870
Time Alone, b. c., 1936, (Time Maker—Gladys McClain, by Pebbles), Eastern Shore Handicap	11,525
Pawtucket Handicap	4,290

HISTORY OF MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS

Continued from Page Seven

Lulu who was by Warrior out of Rock, who was by Sam Gordon out of Genevieve.

Robert Maddux, with Middleburg for 19 years now, and one of the best of huntsmen, considers this Warrior the very finest of the Middleburg Hounds in the field. The Hound never lied.

"I have seen Warrior tongue on water, run the soft red clay roads when the rest of the Hounds were circling wide and unable to own the line. One day," Robert went on, "Warrior was hunting hard with Hounds at a loss when suddenly a rabbit jumped up in front of him. As the rest of the pack went streaming lawlessly after the cottontail, Warrior turned the length of his body, picked up the fox trail, and was off by himself with a note that soon brought the rest of the pack to him."

Sam Gordon was one of the early Hounds owned by Mr. Sands that he bred to Genevieve. Out of Genevieve came Rock and Smoke. It was Rock that was the sire of Warrior. Another good stallion Hound although not similar in color was a red Virginia Hound called Ring from Loudoun County whom Mr. Sands bought from Mr. H. Mathers. He hunted with the pack until he was 12 and was a great hunting Hound. There is little of the well known Bywaters strain in the Middleburg pack although one good Hound Mr. Sands purchased from Joe Johnson, called Bulger, came from the Bywaters Hounds of Rappahannock.

The Bitches, are responsible, Mr. Sands feels, for much of the good qualities of his present pack. There was a bitch called Kate from Mr. Brown of Sperryville. Another called Flag of the famous Billy Sunday strain owned by Burgess of New Baltimore. While Ruth and Fly from Joe Johnson of Little Washington produced many good puppies.

Wherever a good Hound was heard of in the early days, Mr. Sands went to see him or was ready to give him a trial. As far away as Prince William County, in Maryland, came Tuck who bred many good Hounds. A cross between a Walker and a Trig, produced Lindy whom Mr. Sands bought for his sweet voice. This Hound got Joe, who won as a yearling at Bryn Mawr and is now hunting well with Middleburg. Lindy was not a pretty Hound, being very rough coated, looking, as Robert Maddux says, "like a Shepherd, but still he was great on the line." Contrary to the popular conception, of this blood, Lindy was a most honest worker, never skirting and seemed to be ready to stay with the pack and lead it as he did so many times. Another grand Hound, remembered by all of the followers of Middleburg a few years ago, was Mike by High Roll out of a white bitch of Mr. Donohgue of Loudoun County.

Among the Hounds that are outstanding today with Middleburg are Fiddler, out of Lucy by Hector, he by Drummer and Sadie by that fine Maryland Hound, Rastus Corn of Emmet Trot's. Then there is Big Master and Woolrich, both out of Lulu and Singer a fine working Hound by Loudoun who belonged to H. Mathers.

One day Carter Burns came to Robert Maddux with the tale of a Hound whom he guaranteed would run a fox until she either denned him or killed him.

"She's a good bitch," he said, "And you can have her for 30 days trial if you don't believe my guarantee. I want to sell her, but she can only be bought for \$100.00."

Robert went to Mr. Sands with the story of the bitch who would never

leave her fox and Mr. Sands told him to go after her. They met at Mountsville after a big rain and Hounds soon found and ran with burning scent through Jim Ferguson's and then to a hillside that was covered with earths. Hounds were at a loss and it seemed as if the fox must have gone to earth, but Robert, remembering the guarantee of his friend, Carter Burns, looked for the bitch who should have been giving tongue at the earth. She was hunting, but was not at the den, so he circled down towards the river with the Hound and they came to the bank where a log was halfway across the swollen water, that was up above its banks. The Hound tongued once, jumped in the icy water, scrambled on the log where the water was lapping at its edges, gave tongue again and was off on the line with a cry that made the whole world ring. Robert and the whips, brought the pack on, but they would not go in the water. They threw them in, but still the Hounds swam back to the bank. Robert turned and headed downstream for the Ford, swimming across with the Hounds beside him. They put them on the line and soon the whole pack was giving tongue, with Carter Burns' Juno on ahead. Juno became one of the finest of the Middleburg Hounds for Mr. Sands has found that it is sometimes cheaper to spend money on one great Hound than to try and develop one out of many.

Through his years of experience from the early days of Middleburg and Piedmont and then from the time he first secured the Jenkins Hounds, Mr. Sands has acquired the knowledge of hunting and breeding Hounds that it is given few men to learn in a lifetime. It is not mere hearsay when it is said that he is considered along with William du Pont, Algernon Craven and Walter Jeffords, as the best Hound judge in the country. His huntsman, Robert Maddux has developed a method of training Hounds that is a far cry from the early days, when during the hunting season, Hounds were taken out and led with a rope to where they hoped to find their fox and then uncoupled. The puppies are given an early and unforgettable experience on a rope when, tied to a fence for several hours a day, they tire themselves quiet. Then coupled with an old Hound, by mid-July they are out on the roads, walking behind Robert Maddux and Charlie George. All through the hot summer days, the puppies are being given their roading education and by the time cubbing season has arrived, they are quiet, and answering well to a horn. Mr. Sands does not believe that blooding, thought to be so much a necessity in England, is important enough to kill foxes for. Hounds have hunting in their blood and even though some of his Hounds have not been blooded for two or three years, their eagerness is still as great, their cry as strong and their love of hunting their greatest attribute.

Continued on Page Twelve

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Sire of the stakes winners Blessed Event, Captain Argo, Happy Helen, Happy Knot, Conservative, Easy Sailing, Happy Bolivar and Joyride. Sire also of many winners including 27 winners of 83 races and \$53,250 in 1938.

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Hunting Notes

Continued from Page Ten

Mr. Newbold Ely's Hounds

(Pa.)

By Gabriel Junks

January 7, 1939. Drew Reimer's, Barnes and Brinkman's, usually three good coverts, blank. Then south of Conover's, Hounds opened up and Mr. Ely, on one of his younger hunters by *Out the Way*, blew riot. Fortunately, the whippers-in soon turned Hounds to him and later slots of a deer were seen. A long jog of nearly five miles to Spinner's Woods, from which some of the best runs start. This was drawn blank, as was East Saw Mill Woods, a most unusual occurrence. By this time, it was realized that scent was non-existent.

Just south of Constable's Woods, Hounds jumped a fox in a field and ran northwest and around in a circle to Valley View Hill, where a fresh fox caused the pack to split, and Rosie, a first season bitch, came out of another covert practically on the brush of a third fox. By the time hounds were gotten together on one line, they could only take it at a walk up the stone wall field.

Drawing Old Ruin woods and Conway's covert blank, it was called a day, a disappointing day.

WAR VESSEL DEFEATED

BY DIDORIC IN ENGLAND

Didoric, the ten year old English-bred, owned by R. Lehman, an American, showed the way in the Winchester Handicap Steeplechase on Saturday, Jan. 21., in Newbury, England, in a three American-owned finish. The winner was in light and so was bet down to a 2-1 favorite as six went to the post.

Didoric, a 33-1 shot in last year's

running of the Grand National, who fell at the 8th., obstacle, had 145 pounds allotted him (2 more than his National weight), as he turned back Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's War Vessel by six lengths. Mrs. Scott's National candidate, a son of Man o'War, carrying 150, was three lengths the best of F. Ambrose Clark's Artful Dodger, carrying 166. The distance was about three miles.

AN ORDINANCE

Be it enacted by the Council of the Town of Middleburg in session this 18th day of January, 1939, as follows:

1. As used in this ordinance, the term "automobile graveyard" shall mean any lot or place which is exposed to the weather upon which more than five motor vehicles of any kind incapable of being operated, are placed.

2. No automobile graveyard shall be established and (or) operated unless a certificate of approval shall first have been procured from the Council of the Town of Middleburg. Any person, firm or corporation proposing to establish and (or) operate an automobile graveyard shall make application to the Council for a hearing thereon who shall within ten days mail to the applicant notice of the time and place of hearing. Applicant shall, at his own expense, prior to making application, publish notice of proposal to file application, together with his name, address and proposed location of the automobile graveyard, once a week for two successive weeks in some newspaper of general circulation published in Loudoun County and having general circulation in the Town of Middleburg.

Each applicant for such certificate of approval shall pay to the Town Treasurer a fee of Twenty-five Dollars at the time of filing his application.

3. Upon the granting of said certificate, the successful applicant shall pay a license to the Town of One Hundred Dollars per annum, which license shall be non-transferable.

4. At said hearing, Council shall determine whether or not a certificate shall be issued. In considering such application the Council shall take into account the nature and development of the surrounding property, the proximity of churches, schools, hospitals, public buildings or other places of public gathering, the health, safety and general welfare of the public. The applicant shall be notified within ten days from time of completion of the hearing as to granting or refusal of certificate.

Any person, firm or corporation aggrieved by the action taken pursuant to this ordinance may, within thirty days from the date of the notice of the refusal or issuance of the certificate appeal by petition to the Circuit Court of Loudoun County. Upon any such appeal, said court shall enter such order in relation to the action appealed from as it may deem equitable.

5. Any person, firm or corporation that shall violate the provisions of this ordinance shall be subject to a fine of not less than Twenty-five Dollars nor more than Five Hundred Dollars, or to imprisonment for a period of not more than one year, or both in the discretion of the court or jury.

6. This ordinance shall be in force after it has been published in full once a week for two successive weeks in some newspaper published in Loudoun County, having a general circulation in the Town of Middleburg, and the Clerk is directed to so publish this ordinance.

7. All ordinances or parts thereof in conflict with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby expressly repealed.

WILLIAM J. LUCK, Mayor.

Attest:
H. W. Armfield, Clerk

1-27-2t

REDLAND POINT-TO-POINT TO BE RUN ON JAN. 22ND

At the annual meeting of the Redland Hunt Committee, held last Sunday, Jan. 22, in the "Edgemoor" home of Thomas T. Mott, M. F. H., the date of March 4 was selected for the annual old-fashioned Redland Point-to-Point. Three races will be included in the card for the day, the Pair Race, for the Terpenning Cup; the Heavyweight Race and the Open

Race for the coveted Redland Bowl.

The distance for the latter event is about four miles and a half and last year was won by Mr. Mott's son Thomas T. Mott, Jr., Mr. Mott, Jr., won both the Riding and Hunt and Redland events on his good mare *Dorrette*. He later entered his mare in the Caroline Cup in Camden and the two got their first experience between the flags at a hunt-meeting.

USE A CHRONICLE WANT AD

HISTORY OF MIDDLEBURG HOUNDS

Continued from Page Eleven

Often a Hound will not develop this love of hunting for several years. In fact said the Master of Middleburg with a smile, "I kept one Hound for three years, and he never did want to hunt."

There was a Hound called Snowball, absolutely pure white, that was by Ring, H. Mathers' good red Hound out of Venus, a bitch from the McClean pack. This Hound would be content to trot along behind the huntsman's heels, and even when Hounds went away with a great cry on a burning scent, Snowball would gallop quietly, his white ears flapping, his tongue silent, behind the huntsman. Several times Mr. Sands was tempted to instruct Robert to destroy the Hound, but each time he was reminded of the breeding that was behind him, out of two of his best working Hounds, and so he persevered. Finally, when Snowball was three, they were hunting a broom sage field and a big red fox jumped up in front of Robert Maddux and Snowball viewed him. There was a cry such as has probably never been heard before or since with Middleburg. Three years of pent-up notes, and Snowball was off on his first hunt. Pushing his fox hard, the white Hound led the hunt and finally dented and when Robert arrived after a burning half hour, Snowball was scratching at the den, his body well down the hole and determined to get to his fox. After that, Snowball was one of the keenest of the Middleburg pack.

Mr. Sands has worked hard to improve the appearance of the Middleburg pack and for 19 years has been showing his Hounds to add the incentive to achieve this end. Perhaps it is this reason that the Middleburg pack are so large for although Mr. Sands feels that small Hounds sometimes do better, the large Hounds look better. In this matter of appearance, the Master of Middleburg is a martinet. In attempting to secure better appearance, he has found that in one year the fault of the stallion Hound will appear and predominate all through the puppies, even though that fault is but a minor one in the Sire, but it seems to become exaggerated in the puppies.

Much depends in hunting Hounds, Mr. Sands feels, on the personality of the man hunting them. Just as dogs will not come to some men, Foxhounds will not answer the horn for some, while to others the horn is second nature and they answer without trouble. Like so many experienced Masters, Mr. Sands is free to admit that he knows little about scent in spite of all the theories.

"The only way to find out if it is good, is to go out and try it," he says with a smile, and many a day that seems very bad, has proved this theory best of all as Middleburg Hounds wake the echoes from the wooded hills and ridges about Middleburg where his gracious and beloved Joint Master Miss Charlotte Noland of Foxcroft and he produced such great sport for the Foxhunters of the Old Dominion.

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HARRISBURG HONORS

Continued from Page One

knock-down-and-out class provided excitement with its twenty-three entries contending over the various difficult obstacles. Top of the Moon was third in this event, won by Jack Rabosky's Rocket while Bowling Green was second. On Saturday afternoon Top of the Moon was first in the triple bar event, defeating Paul Batgors' By the Way and Ray Shoemaker's Brown Tiger, then was second to Bowling Green later that evening in the open jumper stakes.

Another top performer was Ray

Shoemaker's Hy-Glo, who was third in Friday's model hunter class, then on the following day was second to Lieutenant J. R. Stouffer's Cannabis in the local hunters and jumpers and won the middle and heavyweight hunter class in which he defeated H. E. Millard's Big Chief.

Summary

Yearlings, suitable to become Hunters—1st: White Patch, b. f., Ray S. Shoemaker, Harrisburg; 2nd: Fernlee, b. c., E. A. Nicodemus, Waynesboro; 3rd: Meadowlee, b. f., E. A. Nicodemus; 4th: Fleur de Lis, b. f., E. A. Nicodemus.

2-year-olds, suitable to become Hunters—1st: War Robin, b. c., Paul R. Gable, Harrisburg; 2nd: Virginia Venture, b. f., Harry Ban-zoff, Harrisburg; 3rd: Sun River, b. g., R. L. Lee, Harrisburg.

Model Hunter—1st: Jolly Martin, b. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen, Harrisburg; 2nd: Abe, blk. g., Ray S. Shoemaker; 3rd: Hy-Glo, b. g. Ray S. Shoemaker; 4th: Bricklayer, ch. g. Mrs. H. R. Wellen.

Light Weight Hunters—1st: Ponce De Leon, ch. g., H. E. Millard, Annville; 2nd: Bricklayer, ch. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen; 3rd: Tearin' the Nogg, Atchinson Stables, Media; 4th: Bachelor ch. g., G. S. Cox, Greensburg.

Knock Down and Out—1st: Rocket, ch. g., Jack Rabosky, Philadelphia; 2nd: Bowling Green, Wm. G. Loefer, Medford Lakes, N. J.; 3rd: Top of the Moon, Ward Sullivan, Philadelphia; 4th: Brown Bess, H. E. Millard, Annville.

Handy Hunter—1st: Cannabis, b. g., Leut. J. B. Stouffer, Harrisburg; 2nd: Rocket, ch. g., Jack Rabosky; 3rd: Ataboy, b. g., R. W. Sondheim, Rochester, N. Y.; 4th: Little Dynamite, b. g., Tally-Ho Stables, Williamsport, Pa.

Saturday

Local Hunters & Jumpers—1st: Cannabis, b. g., Leut. J. B. Stouffer; 2nd: Hy-Glo, b. g., Ray S. Shoemaker; 3rd: Bricklayer, ch. g. Mrs. H. R. Wellen; 4th: Idle Dixon, b. g., Ray S. Shoemaker.

Hunter Hacks—1st: Bricklayer, ch. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen; 2nd: Bonnie Boy, b. g., Atchinson Stables; 3rd: Cannabis, b. g., Leut. Stouffer; 4th: Ponto, b. g., Mrs. J. H. Steinman, Lancaster.

Middle & Heavyweight Hunters—1st: Hy-Glo, b. g., Ray Shoemaker; 2nd: Big Chief, H. E. Millard; 3rd: Brown Tiger, br. g., Otis Dodson, agt., Harrisburg; 4th: Brown Bess, br. m. H. E. Millard.

Touch & Out—1st: Brown Bess, br. m., H. E. Millard; 2nd: By the Way, b. g., Paul Batgors, Media; 3rd: Rocket, ch. g., Jack Rabosky; 4th: Dixie Bell, Ward Sullivan.

Triple Bar—1st: Top of the Moon, b. g., Ward Sullivan; 2nd: By the Way, b. g., Paul Batgors; 3rd: Brown Tiger, b. g., Otis Dodson;

4th: Parachute, b. g., Cliffawn Farms, Philadelphia.

Saturday Night

Open Jumping—1st: Cannabis, b. g., Leut. Stouffer; 2nd: Dixie Bell b. m., Ward Sullivan; 3rd: Rocket, ch. g., Jack Rabosky; 4th: Bowling Green, b. g., Wm. G. Loefer.

Handicap Hunter—1st: Jolly Martin, b. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen; 2nd: Abe, blk. g., Ray S. Shoemaker; 3rd: Tearin' the Nogg, b. g., Atchinson Stables; 4th: Bruck Hamilton, b. g., Charles E. Laing, Baltimore Md.

Open Jumping Stakes—1st: Bowling Green, b. g., Wm. G. Loefer; 2nd: Top of the Moon, b. g., Ward Sullivan; 3rd: Mint D'Or, b. g., Bruno Marvanr, Jessup, Pa; 4th: Cannabis, b. g., Leut. Stouffer.

Champion Jumper—Top of the Moon, b. g., Ward Sullivan; Reserve: Bowling Green, b. g., Wm. G. Loefer.

Champion Hunter: Bricklayer, ch. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen; Reserve: Jolly Martin, b. g., Mrs. H. R. Wellen.

VIRGINIAN HORSE SHOW

ENTRIES CLOSE FEB. 11

Entries for the 5th., Annual Virginians' Horse Show, under the auspices of the American Horse Shows Assn., to be held at J. North Fletcher's Stable, in Camden, S. C., on Saturday Feb. 18th., close on Feb. 11th. Entries should be made to Mr. Fletcher, Secy., Camden.

16 Classes complete the day, devoted to Model Hunters, Suitable to Become, Best Steeple-Chase Type, Ladies' Hunters, Green Hunters, Working Hunters, Hunters not to Jump and Open Jumpers in the morning, with the first class slated for ten o'clock.

The \$100. Stake Class is the first of the afternoon, at 2 P. M., followed by Hunter Hacks, Middle and Heavyweight Hunters, Horsemanship, 16 years and under; Corinthian Class,

Lightweight Hunters, Hunt Teams and Champion Hunter.

The Committee has invited Henry L. Bell, of Long Island and Christopher M. Greer of Upperville to Judge.

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HUNTERS FOR SALE—Three, high-class hunters, coming five this spring. Thorough schooling with hounds, made hunters, sound, without faults. Thoroughbred, chestnut gelding 16 3-4 hands, hunted two seasons; 3-4-bred, brown gelding, 16 3-4 hands, hunted one season; 3-4-bred grey mare, 16 hands, weight carrier, hunted two seasons. Apply, Arthur Overholtz (groom) Stable Cottage, "Mooring's Grove," Millwood, Va. 1-27-2t.

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In The Country:-



The genial and charming Count Jerzy (Georges) Potocki, the one fox-hunting enthusiast in the Embassy circles in Washington, had over seventy for his birthday dinner, last Sunday night, with some from Middleburg and Warrenton going to town. Eddie Davis and His Boys were the source of music, and dancing went far into the night, with another hundred terpsichoreans coming in after dinner. Harry Worcester Smith, one of the many wearers of scarlet, spoke, opening with:

"I am old, and nearly done, I've played the game all around But the best of the fun, I freely admit I owe to horse and hound."

Never having been in the millionaire class, I have had to make my hunters myself which have come to be known as The Battered Brigade.

"The mark of a stake in the shoulder, The brand of a wall on the knee, Are scars to the careless beholder And blemishes. So it may be; But every such blemish endorses The pluck of a steed unafraid, And the heart of a lover of horses Goes out to the Battered Brigade.

Their knocks have been gathered in duty, Their scars in the front of the fray; It isn't your cleanest-legged beauty That's first at the end of the day. When five foot of timber before us Has half of the pretty ones stayed, If you want to catch up to the chorus Come on with the Battered Brigade."

Running, Running, Running, Dodging, Dodging, Dodging, Driving, Driving, Driving, While the cry rose loud not far behind "Of the Blood, Blood, Blood in the foxhound's mind."

"They're running, they're running, go hark! Let them run on and race on until dark, Well with them we are and with them we'll be, While there is wind in our horses and daylight to see."

"Then shog along homeward and talk over the fight And hear in our dreams the sweet music of night Of they're running, they're running, go hark!"

"Deprive him of horses and hounds if you will" "A foxhunter once, is a foxhunter still."

Cecil Rhodes so truthfully said: "The whole trouble with life is its shortness; just as we are beginning to know the game we have to stop."

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And I know the game and I don't want to stop and how I love to come back every year, just wondering if I can keep pace with that noble band who "know no fear."

"I was ever a fighter, so—one hunt more The best and the last. I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore, And bade me creep past."

But, "My song is of the sportsman who rides unblanched the vale, Who dares the deepest river; who risks the stoutest rail Who fore the roaring grandstand goes down to fence or fall; Who bends above the boarspear; who drives the dancing ball." and I give you this toast.

The Polish Ambassador

Betty Walker and Bruce Clark, who so ably run the flourishing "Keswick School for Equitation for Girls", in Keswick, have advised the Chronicle that they have had a number of guests. Among them Anne Miller, of New York, who was down for a week's hunting, the J. Y. Walkers, of Llewellyn Park, who came for quail and others there during the past month.

Jack E. Russell, Chairman of the Loudoun County Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday, has announced that final arrangements have been made for the big "Goose Creek Tavern" outing on January 30th. Monday night, the elite of the hunt-country in Loudoun County will be on hand, while Patrons and Patronesses will be present in: Mrs. Wm. C. Barr and L. Roy Chamberlin Co-Chairmen. And Gov. and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, Hon. and Mrs. Patrick J. Hurley Judge and Mrs. J. R. H. Alexander Hon. Wilbur C. Hall, Hon. and Mrs. H. C. Thompson, Hon. and Mrs. John Galleher, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Slack, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McCray, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stuart Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin H. Kenworthy, Rev. and Mrs. D. C. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Harding, Mr. W. H. Linscomb, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynn Cornwell, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Lyon, Mrs. Clara Frye and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Francis.

Mary Rumsey, who went dashing to Sun Valley, when the hunting here was the tons of the season found snow and ice and skis and skates out there in Idaho, but has now returned to New York retreats. Mary is busy with interior-decorating, and is expected to week-end here as soon as the weather opens.

The John Hanes, he Assist. Secy. of Treas., and she one of the best first-flighters, have forsaken Middleburg. They leased the Duffey-Stone Cottage hunting-box for the season and have spent but two weeks there. In consequence they have let Mrs. Thomas (Weenie Iselin) Mason install herself, with young two-year-old daughter Hone, for the remainder of the winter. The Hanes are far too busy with Washington duties and shooting on their Log Cabin estate in Elkin, N. C.

Frederick M. Warburg challenged elements, weather and the hunt-country in his usual non-committal manner and came down from N. Y. to spend the past week end. House guests: June Hanes and Diana Drury embellished "Snake Hill", with Cousin Eric Warburg completing the foursome. Except for larking bursts into the country, when the going softened-up around high-noon, activities were curtailed mostly to parlor conversation. Warburg bon-mots sustained a staccato like beat through the three days. June Hanes and Louis Duffey combined their imagination on Saturday night and had "Blinker Nat" and his playing (violin, banjo, guitar and wash-board traps) through the night. All the snow-bound from the surroundings arrived duly in Bill Worrall.

Peggy Heron, Jamie McCormick, Lud Pattons, the Regan sisters, Connie and Mrs. Rigan McKinney; Max Niven, of England, visiting the Frosts; Mrs. Eva Spilman, Henry Frost, Frederick Ledeburg, Bettina Belmont, and others.

Hunting with Middleburg, when the release came and frost fattened horses cavorted on the colorful "Glenwood Park" Course, last Tuesday, a bye-day, were many beaming ones greeting Mr. Sands, in: Mrs. Thomas Mason, on Mrs. John Hanes' Bunting; Mrs. Eva Spilman on Randora; *Diana Drury on first Freddy Warburg's Hope and then a switch to Battle Day (pronounced Warburg-like bottle-day); Mrs. Robert Maddux, Mrs. Anne Leith Waddell, Harry Worcester Smith; June Hanes on Dual Control; Connie Regan, Mrs. Rigan McKinney, the Jack Skinners, Laura Sprague, Louis Duffey on Mrs. Hazard's Protagonist; Crompton Smith, Mike Kerr, Nancy Iselin, Louis Murdock, Hon. Whipper-in Stephen Clark and others.

Gone Away! and Going: Kenneth Jenkins is sailing off to Santa Domingo on the 9th., of February, to be gone over a month, on a boat called the "Seven Seas"; The Amory S. Carharts and the John Hinkleys are off to Nassau on the 4th., of February, to be gone over two

weeks; Bill Streett is down in Florida, sunning himself, and busy at Hileah Park: the James E. Ryans of Unionville, Pa., he the well known trainer back from Ireland, are ensconced in Camden; so too are the R. Watson Pomeroy's (she the former Estelle Bassett), who have the "Cedar Knoll", Mr. Pomeroy's mother's place; Ernest I. White is frequenting Southern Pines; Bruner Hunneman and her family have gone to Aiken; Rufus E. Finch, of Rumson, N. J. is in the Carolinas, the George Watts Hills are wintering in their home, as usual in Winston Salem; Miss Charlotte Noland has been in Birmingham, Ala.

Speaking of Noland's, the James M. Ball, Jr., (she Miss Charlotte's sister), gave a fine invitation cross-country run on Lee's Birthday, followed by a breakfast at their place "Llangollen, in Chesterfield County, in the Deep Run country. Quite a crowd hacked over from Deep Run, and in spite of very soft footing caused by 36 hours of continual rainfall, everyone had a "whooping" good time.

On the past Sunday afternoon, a group of the younger members of the Deep Run Hunt Club, (Richmond), held a gymkhana, which was climaxed by a high-jumping contest Continued on Page Fifteen

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In The Country

Continued from Page Fourteen

between Dick Reynold's **High Pocket** and Charlie Caravati's **Jerry M. Scottie** Riles was up on **High Pocket** and Lonny Duggan on **Jerry M. Scottie** finally took the honors when he cleared five and one-half feet.

The Sulgrave Saturday Night Supper Club went into its third session last week-end, with the usual hunt-country enthusiasts attending, including: Tommy Leiter, Committee Member; the John Hinckleys, the Amory Carharts, the E. Kenneth Jenkins, and the Alex Hagners. Meyer Davis outdid himself, really touching them with "This Can't Be Love."

The Baldy Spilmans are off to Cat Cay, the world's garden spot this week and then to the Bahamas, to try something new in the line of fishing. The Japanese Catch flying fish by lowering a sail at night and the fish fly into the sail. The Spilmans are going to lower a sail and then shoot the fish with 20 gauge shot guns.

Col. William Henry Clifford, of "Chudleigh Farm" is off for a month in Puerto Rico. Anxious to have the Chronicle weekly and promptly, he has endowed us with the necessary postage to send the sporting weekly by airmail.

Jim Blackwell has written that he is interested in advertising a government stallion: **Golden Seal**, standing down in Keene, Va. Jim believes the horse to be a "devil of a good one" and he is "anxious to get some nice mares."

Among those in the field with the Potomac Hunt during the past week were Dr. Fred R. Sanderson, H. H. Semmes, Lt. Commander William Justice Lee, E. Edward Altemus and Dr. J. N. Greear Jr.

Rem Williams is back in town, from Georgetown, S. C., and New York, and is to reside in his back road "Monkytom Farm" for a spell. He brought news of Louis Stoddard Jr.'s, sailing the past week, for England, where he hopes to ride his own MILANO in the Grand National at Aintree, on March 26. Further Rem told us of the going to work with a will attitude that George "Pete" Bostwick has taken down in Aiken about his Imperial Gold Cup Steeplechase meeting in March.

The White House was all lighted up as President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained for Officials of the Treasury and their families Tuesday night. Making her debut at the White House was our first flighter June Hanes, daughter of the Assistant Secretary, who rushed from the

good 40 minutes with Middleburg into Washington official-dom.

The movie, "Kentucky" is undoubtedly the best horse movie done yet. Utilizing John Hay Whitney's Technicolor, great horses like **Man O'War**, **Gallant Fox**, **Omaha** and others are pictured in true bloom. There's scarcely a technical error, still the Chronicle suffered to see matrons and foals always on the run in the paddocks and the deplorable riding, as well as clothes, of Loretta Young. Best shot: strappers chanting "Postman worked in 48. Going to the races now." Postman later turned out to be **Dauber**, who was second in the Kentucky Derby, beaten by **Lawrin**. These Derby shots were shown, and but for one stretch-running where **Bluegrass** was supposed to lose two lengths, when sulking from a whip with an 1-8th to go, and then gain them back to win going away, when the jockey threw away his hat, they were great.

The wonderful day with Viemead on January 10th had the following first flighters following J. Simpson Dean, M. F. H.: James Kerr, M. F. H., Joseph Thomas, M. F. H., Campbell Weir, Alfred Bissell, Henry Thompson, Mrs. Eugenia Cassatt Davis, Mrs. Thompson Wood, Mrs. Sidney Scott, Mrs. W. S. Carpenter III.

The annual General Lee Birthday luncheon, held every year by the Harry Duffeys, was solemnized on Sunday at their "Mount Olive Farm". It was a great-day, with the gathering of the Duffey clan in: the Charles Sabins, the Harry Duffey Jr., Louis Duffey, the Jack Duffeys, Johnny Duffey, the Walter Freds, Miss Catherine Woodward, and Prosser Tabb, who contributed the guinea-hens.

Also "Gone-Away" is Mrs. Eva Shaffer Spilman, who has hunted throughout the season, with Middleburg, Piedmont, Warrenton and Old Dominion. After a quick trip to New York, for a talk with her interior decorator about "Byrney Fam", she will hie herself to the balm of Palm Beach. Hunting days are over for her good **Satingle**, by **The Satrap**, **Randora** by **Apex-Busy Body**, and **Sedgeville**, by **Sedgewick**. The Turner Wiltshires, from whence she got the good **Satingle**, lunched her on Sunday, while an impromptu "going-away" affair was of moment on Monday night, when many friends dropped in, with "Nat's Wash Board Band" and even feather merchants.

Among those singing "D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray? D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day? D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away; With his Hounds and his horn in the morning," were: Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Mrs. Eva S. Spilman, Harry W. Smith, Mrs. Mildred A. Turner, the Crompton Smiths, Baroness von Rothschild, the former Kitty Spottswood, of Philadelphia, (named often on the list of the ten best dressed); Dr. A. C. Randolph, Mrs. George Sloane, Baron and Baroness d'Epremesnil; Mrs. Forbes Morgan, of New York; the Paul Melions, the Argentine Envoy and Mrs. Espil, the Belgian Ambassador, and Countess van der Straten Ponthoz, the Netherlands Minister and Mme. Loudou, the Charge d'Affaires of the Italian Embassy and Signora Cosmelli, the Count and Signora Cosmelli; the Black Lawrences, of New York, Mrs. Snowden Fahnestock, the Clement Dunns, Mary Louise Marsh, her uncle Edward Gardiner; Arthur Krock, the celebrated Times scribe; the C. Mathews Dicks, the Jasper du Boses, Mrs. S. Kent Legare, Jacques Dumire, Anthony de Balaxy, and Gen Frank Murphy.

After viewing George Washington's fox-hunting horn, which he was known to carry in his sorties with the wiley reds some hundred years ago, (now hanging over the living room door in "Mount Vernon"), we are convinced that a blast from it, were it blown to-day, would have brought Hounds running all the way from Middleburg, Piedmont and Orange Counties. The horn is a tremendous coiled brass instrument (The flare of the horn is over eight inches in diameter). The Man who once felled the cherry tree and admitted it, must have had the wind of a thousand Senators to have blown a true note.

Small fields were out with Farmington Hunt on both Thursday and Tuesday. Among the follows were: Mrs. J. P. Jones, M. F. H., the R. H. Schlesinger, Miss Elsie Oakly, Mrs. Jay Galban, Truman Dodson, Mrs. Lloyd Fangel, Mrs. Randolph Gatlin, Norris Watson, Virginia Martin, Howard Haffner, Mrs. A. M. Keith, Sue Bolling, Billy Jones and the Chronicle J. M.

It has just been learned that the Walter West farm, leased for the season by the Oliver Kaufmans, Pittsburgh, has been bought by Walter Tunis, of Washington. The transaction was handled through Previews Inc., of which Harry Frost is the Middleburg representative. It is said that tax stamps for a total \$48,000 were procured for this transaction, which involved a trade of real-estate in Washington.

It's off to the races for the Colin MacCloud, Mrs. Both left yesterday for Miami and "The Widener", leaving son Sandy to keep the Huntlands fires burning in their absence.

Casualty List.

It's larynx trouble for Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H. of Piedmont, who went under the knife in a Washington Hospital last Monday. He, who had lost his voice completely, the week previous, is said to be convalescing well.

The Duncan Reads one two, have taken the count, with flu and trips to the hospital, doctors and medical science in New York. They picked a good time to be taken to bed, with the country down here frozen up.

Louise Whitefield is free of her crutches again, with her ankle all mended. She is still gong under a double wrap.

Holger Bidstrup started for Hartford Conn., got to New York and came up short with a rather serious toe infection. Mrs. Bidstrup, our erstwhile Middleburg-Whipper-in and former Peter Whitefield, has attended the halt.

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Candid Picture News

Secretary-Treasurer With Founder



W. Plunket Stewart, M. F. H. Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds, Secretary-Treasurer of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, is shown here with Harry Worcester Smith at whose instigation the Association was founded in 1907. Unfortunately Mr. Stewart will not be present at the New York Hound Show which is being held in Squadron A Armory on Madison Avenue today, having been called to Belgium last week to attend the funeral of his son-in-law Viscount Eric de Spoelberch who was recently killed while testing an aeroplane for the Belgian Army.

Radnor Hunt Master



M. Roy Jackson, one of the most extensive Hound breeders in the country, has been providing fine sport for the followers of the old Radnor Hunt near Philadelphia. Mr. Jackson built a few years ago the most elaborate and best equipped kennels in the United States. Through his efforts the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware Hounds are being registered in a stud book in an effort to establish permanently this great breed of Hound for the future.

Back At Llangollen



Mrs. John Hay Whitney, who forsook the hunt country and Llangollen, her Upperville estate, for a lengthy visit in Hollywood, is back once more hunting with Piedmont, Middleburg and Orange County. Shown here at a recent Middleburg meet on FIRST NIGHT, Mrs. Whitney added several top performers to her famous string of show horses while on the West Coast.

Out With Orange County



Robert E. McConnell on SLUSH, his son Robert McConnell, Jr., on KEENO (center) and Thomas Redmond, son of Mrs. Johnson Redmond, on SKAT. All are frequently seen in the field with M. F. H. Fletcher Harper, while Mr. McConnell, sr., and SLUSH were contestants in Orange County's point-to-point last year.

Another Generation



Francis Thornton Greene, great-great-grandson of John Stuart Skinner, founder of the American Turf Register, —grandson of Fred Gustavus Skinner, Editor of the Turf Field & Stream, life long nimrod and follower of the fox,—son of Col. Fred. Stuart Greene, sporting companion of his grandfather,—is shown here with Frances Bland Greene on his lap, sitting on FAINT GLOW, pace-maker of Warrenton point-to-point and Orange County pair race.



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